ESULT OF 500 XMAS COMPETITIONS. (See page 410.)

READ THE WEEK'S NEWS.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

A Substantial OFFER TO RETAIL Tradesmen.

See page 411.

Vol. II.—No. 78.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JANUARY 16, 1892. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

Sold in Bottles at 2s. 9d. each.

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his remedy is the most effectual HEALTH RESTORER and LIFE-GIVER ever recorded in e history of medicine. As a NERVINE (or agent for renewing nervous power), it far surpasses y other preparation known. It is above all things serviceable in cases of General Weakness d Debility, Depression of Spirits, Exhaustion and Nervousness. Hence it is a boon alike to the ung, the middle-aged, and the old. It is administered with marvellous effect in ALL SEASES OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM, whether arising from a sedentary mode of life, healthy occupation, insalubrious climate, or overwork under pressure of anxiety.

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Player's Original Navy Cut

Sold only in 1-ounce Packets, and 2, 4, 8 ounce, and 1 lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in fine smoking condition.

ASK AT ALL TOBACCO SELLERS' SHOPS FOR PLAYER'S AND TAKE NO OTHER.

SMOKERS ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST IMITATIONS.

The Genuine bears the Trade-Mark, "Nottingham Castle," on every Packet and Tin.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES in packets containing 12 and boxes of 24, 50, and 100

The following extract from the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS* Nov. 1891 is of interest to every Smoker.

THE PIPE IN THE WORKHOUSE.—The picture drawn by our Reviewer of the poor old man in the workhouse, puffing away at an empty pipe, has touched the hearts of some of our correspondents. One who dates from the High Alps and signs himself "Old Screw," says: "I have been struck with your suggestion in the October number of the *Review of Reviews* for a scheme to supply smokers in union workhouses with tobacco. I am afraid, judged by the ordinary standards, I am the most selfish mortal's as I never give a cent away for purposes of so-called charity, but this scheme of yours appeals at once to the sympathies of a hard and inveterate smoker. Were I in London, I would at once start a collecting-box for the fund and levy contributions for it on my smoking acquaintances but, unfortunately, my business compels me to be a wanderer round the Continent for the next nine months. I can however do a little, and would like to contribute a pound of what I consider the BEST SMOKING TOBACCO viz., "PLAYER'S NAVY CUT" (this is not an advertisement). I enclose, therefore a cheque for the amount."

'Unsurpassed for PURITY, SOLUBILITY, & EXCELLENCE."

'Lancet." Pure and very Soluble.

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa

"Medical Times." Eminently suitable for Invalids.

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Rapid. No Hard Work.

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100 COLOURS TO SELECT FROM

In consequence of the mild season, we have still in stock over 250,000 DRESS LENGTHS of our famous Cloths which, in order to effect a rapid clearance, we have reduced to less than Manufacturers' Cost Price. 100 lovely new colours to select from. All goods are new and in perfect condition. We will gladly send patterns post free, and they need not be returned. *Write to-day for patterns and Sale Price List.*

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THE BEST OF ALL BLOOD PURIFIERS.

FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS

Sole Proprietors

FRAZER'S TABLETS, LIMITED. 11. Ludgate Square, London, E.C.

TEST THEM FREE OF CHARGE.

WRITE for samples of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets, naming "Pearson's Weekly," and they will be sent gratis and post free. Frazer's Sulphur Tablets are the pleasantest and most efficacious medicine for all Blood and Skin Diseases and Eruptions, as also for Constipation and Rheumatism. They are invaluable for the Complexion, as they free the pores of the Skin from all obstructive and tainted matters. They are positively safe for men, women, and children; for the young and the aged, for the weak as well as the strong. They are a valuable preventive medicine. They are a Blood Germicide, i.e., destructive of disease germs in the blood. They are eminently suitable for Children's ailments, and are much liked by the little ones. As a safe and purifying remedy, as a clearer and beautifier of the complexion, Frazer's Sulphur Tablets have no equal, while their palliative properties in Rheumatism, Gout, etc., render them a most desirable remedy to always have in the house. Frazer's Sulphur Tablets are for internal use; they are pleasant to the taste, agreeable to the eyes, and yet withal possess proved medicinal efficacy. They are the best of all Blood Purifiers. They ward off Colds and Chills, by keeping the pores gently open, and are preventive of Rheumatic attacks. In Packets, price 1s 1½d., post free 1s. 3d. Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Sole Proprietors: FRAZER'S TABLETS, Ltd., 11, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.

Have you a Good Ski

A GOOD skin is to be secured at an i tesimal cost by Frazer's Sulphur Tal used internally as a skin and blood puri tonic, and by Frazer's Sulphur Soap regu used externally.

The first-named (Frazer's Sulphur Tablets) remove eczema, acne, psoriasis, blackheads, all and every species of skin blemish. They off, or break up, colds, chills, rheumatism, neuralgic attacks by action on the blood ve by which all the nerves and muscles affecte strengthened. By gentle expansive action o inner skin, the blood and skin are freed waste matters and impurities. They stim the liver in a genial manner, removing inacti and driving away the evils of despond hysteria, and irritability. The patient bec bright and cheerful and full of life and vi prompted by the invigorative powers of Fra Sulphur Tablets. They act on the na functions in so safe and gentle a manner, their influence in constipation and all disord secretions and functions is invaluable. children's ailments, and to keep the health of little ones in good order, Frazer's Sulphur Ta have no equal, whether for safety, gentle pleasantness, or efficacy. They render the b of both children and adults so pure and heal that diseases and disorders of all kinds are at bay, or held in check. These valuable perties are gathered together in simple safest possible form, pleasant to the taste, pleasing to the eye.

Now for Frazer's Sulphur Soap. This is cream of all pure soaps, and upon the produc of which neither labour nor expense has spared. Frazer's Sulphur Soap is made from best possible obtainable materials, and m factured by modern scientific methods, by the or milling process, by which all the products are unimpaired by heat. Frazer's Sulphur S contains extra soft cream, which soothes and serves the skin, and further lubricates the ac of the inner skin-pores, on the processes of w a good complexion so much depends. The fume used in Frazer's Sweet-Scented Sulphur S is a delightful combination of sweet essences fragrant vegetable extracts of an altogether n higher character than ever before used in soa

Sole Proprietors of Frazer's Sulphur Table 1s. 1½d. packets (post free, 1s. 3d), and of Fra Sulphur Soap (state when ordering whether Sce or Unscented), in 6d. Card Boxes (three, post 1s. 6d.), Frazer's Tablets, Ltd., 11, Ludgate Sq London, E.C. Frazer's productions are sold b may be ordered of, all Chemists at home or abr

ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS.

A MARVELLOUS REMEDY FOR

LUMBAGO, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, COLDS. COUGHS, AND PAINS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

They are easily applied, and are most soothing and warming.

Mr. GEO. AUGUSTUS SALA says:—"A couple of Allcock's Porous Plasters clapped on, one on the chest and another between the shoulder blades, soon set me right again," referring to an attack he had of Bronchitis and Asthma.

Rev. MARK GUY PEARSE says: "They are a very breastplate against Coughs and Colds."

Recommended by physicians the wide world over.

INSIST ON HAVING ALLCOCK'S. TAKE NO OTHER.

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Gent's Four-fold all-pure Linen Collars, 4/6; Collars specially made to any pattern. 1/- per doz. extra. WHITE SHIRTS, Linen Fittings, 2/6, 4/6, 5/6, and 6/9 each.

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Ladies' Size, 2/6 per doz.; Hemstitched, 2/11 per doz.; Gents' size, 3/6 per doz.; Hemstitched, 4/11 per doz. Ladies' Handkerchiefs, beautifully embroidered by the Irish Peasant Girls, 11/- per doz. Samples and Price Lists Free TO ALL PARTS.

All Parcels over 10/- sent carriage paid.

IRISH TWEEDS. All pure Wool. Unsurpassed for Strength, Durability, & Style. New Patterns for Ladies' and Gentlemen's wear now ready.

Please Mention Pearson's Weekly. G. R. HUTTON & Co., Larne, Belfast.

LUXURIOUS FINE CUT BRIGHT TOBACCO.

CONDY'S FLUID

Used in all Hospitals.

CONDY'S REMEDIAL FLUID THE SOVEREIGN CURE FOR

SORE THROATS
RELAXED THROATS
HOARSENESS

CURED in a few hours. Slight Cases cut short at once.

"It is of great service as a disinfecting and stimulating gargle." DR. WARD, *Seamen's Hospital.*

"I find the Condy and cold water gargle excellent, many cases being cured immediately." DR. T. W. HARRIS.

CAUTION.—All substitutes are inferior, see that "Condy's" is on the label.

Large Pamphlet of directions and small sample bottle free by post from—

CONDY'S FLUID WORKS, 57, Turnmill Street, London, E.C.

GIVEN AWAY.

S. PEACH & SON'S

NOTTINGHAM

LACE CURTAINS

Direct from the Looms, at Manufacturer's Prices.

21/- POPULAR PARCEL for 1892. 21/-

Lot No. 780. Carriage Paid.

Containing 1 pair of magnificent Drawing-room Curts., superb design, elegant and lacey in effect, 4 yds. long and nearly 2 wide, taped edges; 1 pair handsome Dining-room Curts., copy of Point Lace, 3½ yds. long, 54 ins. wide, taped; 1 pair of Breakfast-room Curts., 3 yds. long, 40 ins. wide, taped edges, floral and fern, delicately shaded; 1 pair beautiful Bedroom Curts., 3 yds., long, 43 ins. wide; 1 lovely Antimacassar, imitation Swiss; 1 lace-edged Handkerchief; 3 yds Trimming Lace; 2 Lace D'Oyley's. Bore Curtains sent if desired. One long Spanish Lace Scarf GIVEN AWAY with every Popular Parcel. Only by the large sale are we enabled to give this exceptional value. Money Returned if not approved. New Price list post free. —P.O.O.'s payable to S. PEACH & SONS, LISTER GATE, NOTTINGHAM. Established 1857.

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All collectors should write for our Illustrated Catalogue of hundreds of Cheap Packets. Sets Albums, etc. Gratis and post free *Selection on Approval.*

THE CHEAPEST RELIABLE FIRM IN THE WORLD.

SCOTCH TWEEDS,

ALL WOOL.

Write direct for Patterns of Scotch Tweeds for Gentlemen's Suitings, also Clan Tartans and Home Spun Costume Cloths for Ladies' Dresses, in the Newest and most Fashionable Styles, Knee Rugs, Blankets, &c., manufactured by

CURRIE, M'DOUGALL & SCOTT,

Langhaugh Mills, Galashiels, N.B.,

And thereby save two intermediate profits at least.

PATTERNS FREE. PARCELS PAID.

THE SWEET PAR EXCELLENCE.

Devona,

The most delicious sweetmeat.

Made from Fresh Devonshire Clotted Cream. Sold in Penny Packets by Grocers and Confectioners everywhere.

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NEW COLOURS NEW DESIGNS NEW MIXTURES

FULL DRESS LENGTHS

10/6 15/- & 17/6 Carriage Pai

GIGANTIC CLEARANCE SAL

We will send a full dress length of our famous "Wylwyrwell" cloth (in any of the unde tioned colours), Carriage Paid to an address, for 10s. 6d. These beautiful dress lengths gained a world-wide reputation for their remarkable durability, strength, and cheapness. are manufactured specially for us, under Mr. Leathley's personal supervision, and we guarantee them to give perfect satisfaction, or we will return the money. They are fast colours, thoroughly shrunk, will not spot with rain, and will wear for years and never look threadbare. Since we first commenced advertising cloth dresses, several imitations have been brought out at lower prices. These cloths are made to imitate ours in appearance, but they are not so durable, they spot with rain, and wear rough very quickly. The genuine cloth as advertised and sold by us for many years can only be had from us, and no cloth in the world can compare with them. We only ask you to write for patterns and you will be astonished with the quality and beautiful colours. *We also supply our "Ideal Cloth" at 15s. the full dress length;* and our new *"Zuper Cloth" at 17s. 6d. the full dress length,* or any length will be cut. *"Ideal Cloth"* is a fine cloth, rich in colours, and light in weight. *"Zuper Cloth"* is new cloth, only just brought out, and is manufactured with a *lovely smooth satin surface.* If you will kindly write for patterns we will gladly send them post free, and they may be kept free.

NEW COLOURS FOR WINTER SEASON.

Our cloth dresses may be had in any of the following colours; they are all new shades, and several of them are now introduced by us for the first time, and cannot possibly be procured elsewhere. Colours:—Jet Black, Blue Black, Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Bronze, Olive, Gold Green, Blue, Moss, Pink, Lead, Heliotrope, Mauve, Stone, Reseda, Drab, Fawn, Sage, Lavender, Salmon, Emerald, Peacock, Sapphire, Crimson, Ruby, Claret, Mulberry, Crushed Strawberry, Oatmeal, Slate, Smoke, Hussar, Violet, Terra Cotta, Straw, Purple, Cardinal, Electric, Old Rose, Tabac, also in several very pretty new Heather mixtures, including four new shades of Grey, Dark Grey, Steel Grey, Mid Grey, Light Grey, Pink Grey, Green Grey, Brown Grey, Emerald Mixture, Heather, several shades of Fawns, Drabs, etc., etc. Altogether 56 shades to select from. Now is the very best time to purchase your dresses for the coming season. Our cloths are all quite fresh from the looms and are in excellent condition.

GREAT SA FOR THIS MONTH ON

In consequence of the mild season we have o over

250,000 DRESS LENGTH OF WYLWYRWELL, AND ZUPER CLO

Which we offer a THAN MANUFACTU COST PRICE

Gigantic Sale BLANKETS, FLAN Rugs, Curtains, Carpets, Sheets, etc.

Write to-day for Patte the Cloth Dresses an Price List.

Such Bargains were before offered.

We have received thousands of Testimonials from parts of the world.

GRAND FREE PRESENTS £2500 TO BE GIVEN AWAY

We have purchased an enormous quantity of Ladies' Silk Ha chiefs, 4-button French Kid Gloves, Ladies' Silver Watches, be given away to purchasers of our famous Cloth Dresses. EV PURCHASER receives a handsome present, and full part are enclosed with each set of patterns. *Write at once.*

AN INVITATION. We invite every reader of "Pearson's Weekly" at once for patterns of these Wonderful Cloth Dre patterns will cost you nothing. All we ask is that you will send us your address, and we will GLADLY send patterns gratis and post free by return you do not at present require a new dress, you should write for patte wish all ladies to see our new colours. You need not trouble to re pattern.

With each set of patterns we send fashionable designs for cloth dresses (specially designed for ours) also copies of testimonials from many well-known ladies, opinions of the Press, full particulars about th presents, and several other interesting particulars. Write at once for a full set of patterns, and whe them you will not only be astonished, but you will be perfectly delighted with them.

LUTAS LEATHLEY & CO. (Dept. 103, Cloth Dress Warehouse,) ARMLEY, LE

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If pleased with the way we have got up this Paper, will you reward us by handing it to someone who does not know it?

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

VOL. II.—No. 78.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JANUARY 16, 1892. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

DON'T STOP AT STATION DESPAIR.

We must trust to the driver, most surely;
Why, millions of millions before
Have made this same journey securely,
And come to that ultimate shore.
And we, we will reach it in season;
And, ah, what a welcome is there!
Reflect, then, how out of all reason
To stop at the station Despair.

Ay, sorrows, and many a potion
Of bitter, black water have we,
As we journey from ocean to ocean—
From sea unto ultimate sea—
To that deep sea of seas and all silence,
Of passion, concern, and of care—
That vast sea of Eden-set Islands,
Don't stop at the station Despair!

Go forward, whatever may follow,
Go forward, friend-led or alone;
Ah me, to leap off in some hollow
Or fen, in the night all unknown—
Leap off like a thief; try to hide you
From angels, all waiting you there
Go forward! whatever betide you
Don't stop at the station Despair.

A NIGHT'S LABOUR WASTED.

In a certain village in Lancashire lived three men, named respectively, Barham, Stone, and Grey. They came down to Southport in a small row-boat, and made it fast to a wharf. They had a time of it in the town; but for fear of a falling off in the stores on their way home they procured a jug of whisky, and after dark, on a black night, they embarked their boat, expecting to reach home in the morning. They rowed with all their energy, for it was a strong stream they had to contend against, keeping up their spirits in the darkness by frequent draughts from the jug. At break of day they thought they must be near home, and, seeing a house through the dim grey of the morning, Stone said:

"Well, Barham, we have got to your place at last."

"If this is my house," said Barham, "somebody has been putting up a lot of outhouses since I went away yesterday; but I'll go ashore and look about and see where we are if you'll hold her to."

Barham disembarked, took observations, and soon came stumbling back, saying:

"Well, we ain't at W. yet; and, what's more, the boat has been hitched by a long rope to the wharf all night."

LIFE-SHORTENING OCCUPATIONS.

One of the curious features of modern life is the extent to which the most hazardous trades are overrun by applicants for work. The electric light companies never find any difficulty in obtaining all the linemen they need, notwithstanding the fact that the dangers of that kind of business have been demonstrated times without number. The men who work in factories where wall-paper is made frequently joke one another over the tradition that a man's life, in this trade, is shortened ten years.

A similar belief is prevalent in factories where other papers are made, and among men who have to handle them, and whose lungs are said to become speded by inhaling the dust arising from such papers. In certain other factories, where brass ornaments and things are made, the air is laden with very fine brazen articles, which are, when inhaled, especially irritating to the lungs.

But one of the most singular advertised calls for employés that was ever printed appeared recently signed by a firm engaged in the business of building towers. It called for applicants only among those who were young, strong, and courageous, and closed by saying:—

"We warn all seekers for this job that it is of the most dangerous nature, and that few men continue in it more than a few years. In fact, it is almost certain death to the workman who follows this occupation."

A STRIKING LIKENESS.

A great many ludicrous mistakes have occurred from the resemblance one person bears to another. A gentleman who is a twin relates the following:—

"My brother John and I are much alike in appearance, being twins, and it is our daily experience to be mistaken the one for the other, and many is the laugh we have enjoyed at some mistaken friend's expense. Not until the other day, however, have I found myself wondering whether I was myself or someone else.

"I was in a hurry to see John, for it was nearly train time, and hastened for that purpose to the hotel where he was staying. The rear entrance being nearer, I entered in that way. This door opens into the lavatories, where a mirror extends the entire length of the wall opposite the entrance.

"Upon opening the door I saw, or thought I saw, John, in all his manliness, approaching from the opposite direction, and I holding out the article I wished to entrust to his care, began giving certain directions concerning it, but was surprised to see him extend to me, at the same instant, a similar parcel, and——

"Well, I had merely mistaken myself for my brother, which had been done hundreds of times before by others, and I suppose I have as much right to do it as they."

WHEN MEN WERE BOILED.

A deal of talk is being made about a certain Governor of a Persian province, who is said to have been boiled alive by order of the Shah. It is not so very long since all the nations of Europe practised boiling alive—commonly in oil, which was thought to impart a finer brown to the person so unlucky as to be in the cauldron.

In England boiling was the legal punishment for prisoners for a long time, beginning in 1531, in the reign of Henry VII. Among those who suffered this discomfort was a man mentioned in the chronicle of the Grey Friars, who was let down into the kettle by a chain until he was done. He, however, was not boiled in oil—only plain. Some of the items of an expense account, relating to the execution of Friar Stone at Canterbury, are interesting in their homely

Paid two men that sat by the kettle and boiled him	1s.
To three men that carried his quarters to the gates and set them up	1s.
For a woman that scoured the kettle	2d.

STRANGELY FORGETFUL.

The Rev. John H—— was leaving his house in London, not long ago, when he saw a young man looking at the numbers on the doors. From something in his dress and manner Doctor H—— concluded that he must be a recent arrival from the Emerald Isle, and, therefore, a fellow countryman.

The stranger was evidently at a loss, and the doctor asked him if he could be of any assistance.

"I am looking for Doctor John H——," said the young man.

"I am he," modestly replied the clergyman.

"Are you Doctor H——?"

"I am."

"Did you come from Ireland?"

"I had the good fortune to be born there."

The stranger looked at him for a moment. "Don't you know me, Doctor H——?" said he.

"I regret to say I cannot place you at this moment, though I may have seen you before."

"Well, I think you have. Why, you baptised me twenty-five years ago in the old country, and yet you have forgotten me entirely!"

"It was not a time for levity," said Doctor H—— afterwards, in relating the incident; "otherwise I might have reminded the young man how strange it was that he should have forgotten the face of one who had sustained such an important relation to him in his infancy."

The parson tells you that you should marry for love and yet he generally marries for money.

Keeper (to sportsman, who had missed everything all day): "If them 'ere rabbits was a yard longer behind, you'd be after makin' a fine bag, sir."

"You have so much address I can hardly be expected to compete with you," said the letter to the envelope.

"Now, don't get excited," replied the envelope, "because you know you can't contain yourself."

Mother (reprovingly to little girl just ready to go for a walk): "Dolly, that hole was not in your glove this morning."

Dolly (promptly): "Where was it then, mamma?"

A photographer advertises: "In consequence of the daily increase of accidents by railway, the public are earnestly requested to call [illegible] — and have their portraits taken, that some memento of departed friends may be left to sorrowing survivors."

A spiritualist asks: "Did you ever go into a dark room where you could see nothing and feel there was something there?"

Yes, frequently, and the something as a rule unfortunately chanced to be a mahogany table or a chair against which we knocked our shins.

The capacity of certain phrases to express a great deal is very interesting. A woman who had interred three temporary partakers of her joys and sorrows, and who had married a fourth, when asked if she had another husband, replied haughtily:

"There is a gentleman who enjoys that uncertain honour at present."

Host (who has a taste for curious wines, but is very careful of them): "Now, my dear sir, I want you to tell me what you think of that wine; it is at least twenty years old."

Guest (helping himself to the last half-glass, and looking at the small bottle): "I think—er—it is excellent; but rather small—er—for its age, isn't it?"

Theatrical Manager: "Hie, there! What are you doing with that pistol?"

Disconsolate Lover: "Going to kill myself."

Theatrical Manager: "Hold on a minute. If you're bound to do it won't you be good enough to leave a note saying you did it for love of Miss Starr, our leading lady? It's a dull season, and every little helps."

Last Christmas, Mr. Macpherson took a drop too much, so he proceeded cautiously in the direction of home, with both hands extended before him to guard against collisions. But, with all his care, he went dashing up against a lamp-post, and his nose suffered. Putting his hand to the wounded feature, he observed to himself:

"Michty me! I aye kent I had a lang nose, but who wud hae thocht it was langer than baith my airms?"

A theatrical manager told a story against himself the other day. An actor came to him and applied for an engagement. There did not seem to be much need of him, but his demands in the way of salary were very modest, and the manager said to him:

"Well, you may consider yourself engaged. I fancy I can find something for you to do. Come round on Tuesday and I'll try you."

The newly-engaged man looked at the manager questioningly.

"How about a contract?" he asked.

"Oh, never mind a contract! We'll have a verbal contract."

There was a look of mild reproach in the eyes of the man, as he answered, sorrowfully:

"Sir, the last time I made a verbal contract, I drew a verbal salary."

THE TALE OF SOPHRONIA AND SAM.

THE Tullingworth-Gordons lived in a manor house in an English county which shall be nameless.

All their silver was hall-marked. It had not descended to them. It was a collection, made by Mr. Tullingworth-Gordon himself with infinite pains. Malicious people said they had seen him dodging in and out of "unredeemed pledges" shops, just after he had made his great strike in American oil. But that was far back in 1864 or 1865. Why should anybody remember that that money was not handed down from a long line of wealthy ancestors; but was made in one "strike," by speculation in oil—speculation on a margin?

Mr. Tullingworth-Gordon was a rich man, and he was free to indulge the dream of his life, and to be a country gentleman.

It is the tale of two of his menials that I have to tell—the tale of the loves of Samuel Bilson, butler, and Sophronia Huckins, "which 'Uckins it ever was an' so it were allays called, and which 'Uckins is good enough for me, like it was good enough for my parents now departed."

Sophronia Huckins was lady's maid to Mrs. Tullingworth-Gordon, housekeeper to Mr. and Mrs. Tullingworth-Gordon, and, in a way, autocrat and supreme ruler over the whole house of Tullingworth-Gordon. There were other servants, but, in their several departments, Bilson and Sophronia were king and queen. Of course, at the first, there was some friction between these two potentates. For ten years they scratched, and sparred, and jostled; for ten years after that they lived in comfortable amity, relieving their feelings by establishing a reign of terror over the other servants; and then—ah, then—began the dawn of another day. Bilson was careless about the wine; Sophronia took to the wearing of gowns unbefitting a maid of forty years.

Nature one morning thus had her own way in the little passage back of the [illegible] pantry.

"You say"—the ho[illegible] spoke with a certain sternness—"as [illegible] me for ten long years. But [illegible] 'ave been more to your cr[illegible] found it out afore thi[illegible] more occa-[illegible], for a-bein' found [illegible], sturdily; "what you [illegible] don't noways regret that you [illegible] point of beauty, to 'ave young [illegible] a-comin' between us, as an engaged [illegible]"

"[illegible] an engaged pair?" demanded Sophronia, with profound dignity.

"Us!" said Mr. Bilson; "or to be considered as sich."

"I ain't considered us as sich," said Sophronia, coquettishly; "not as yet."

Mr. Bilson was stacking up dishes on the shelves in the passage-way. He paused in his labours, put his hands on his hips, and faced his tormenting charmer with determination in his eye.

"Sophronia 'Uckins!" he said; "you're forty this day week; that much I know. Forty's forty. You've kep' your looks wonderful, an' you 'ave your teeth which Providence gave you. But forty's forty. If you mean Bilson, you mean Bilson now, 'ere in this 'ere cupboard extension, your 'and an' your 'eart, to love, honour, and obey, so 'elp you. Now, 'ow goes it?"

It went Mr. Bilson's way. Sophronia demurred and delayed; but, in the end, she yielded. Why should she not consent? Bilson had been a saving man. His character was above reproach. He allowed himself one glass of port each day from Mr. Tullingworth-Gordon's stock; but there he drew the line. The Tullingworth-Gordon cellar was sacred. Such as it was, the master of the house had his own wine, every drop, except that solitary glass of port—save on one occasion. And Sophronia Huckins was the occasion of that occasion.

One dull November day, Sophronia Huckins told Samuel Bilson that she could not and would not marry him.

"It was my intent, Samuel; but I 'ave seen it was not the thing for either of us. If you had 'a' seen your way clear five, or ten, or maybe fifteen years, ago, I don't say as it wouldn't 'a' been different. But as to sich a thing now, I may 'ave been foolish a-listenin' to you, but what brains I 'ave is about me now, an' I tell you plain, Samuel Bilson, it can't never be."

To Bilson this came like a clap of thunder out of the clearest and sunniest of skies.

"Them women," he said, "is worse'n the measles. You don't know when they're comin' out, an' you don't know when they're goin' in."

The blow fell upon him late one night, long after dinner, when everything had been put to rights, and long after he had stowed away the last of the delicate china, which he would allow no one else to touch—the china which Mr. Tullingworth-Gordon had bought at an auction-sale, reasoning that it must have been somebody's ancestral china, and therefore possibly the ancestral china of some earlier Tullingworth-Gordon. He was sitting in the butler's pantry, sipping his one glass of port, when Sophronia entered and delivered her dictum.

She went out and left him—left him with the port. She left him with the sherry; she left him with the claret—with the old, old claret; with the wine that had rounded the Cape; with the Cognac; with the syrupy Curacoa; with the Chartreuse, and the Eau de Dantzic; and with the Scotch whisky that Mr. Tullingworth-Gordon sometimes drank.

She left him with the structure of a life shattered; with the love of twenty years nipped in its late blossoming bud. She left him alone, and she left him with a deadly care-drowner at hand.

He fell upon those bottles, and, for once in his quiet, steady, conservative life, he drank his fill.

At two o'clock of that night, a respectable butler opened a side-door in the mansion of Mr. Tullingworth-Gordon, and sallied forth to cool his brow in the midnight air. Perhaps the midnight air was not so fresh and cooling as it might have been; perhaps the brow required an inordinate amount of cooling—it is only known that that respectable butler came not back of his own accord, and that when he came back he lay upon the shutter and sang; and the song that he sang told the world that he would not go home until morning did appear.

He was singing as they brought him back, in the early morning; but it was not wholly with drunkenness, for delirium had hold of him. Down to the south of the house were long stretches of marsh, reaching into the Great South Bay, and there he had wandered in his first intoxication. There he had stepped over the edge of a little well that surrounded Mr. Tullingworth-Gordon's pike-pond, and there they found him lying on his back, with one of the most interesting cases of compound fracture in his right leg that has yet been put on record, and with the flat stones that topped the well lying over him.

They took him to his room, and [illegible] and sent for the doctor. The [illegible] He said:—

"We[illegible] probably. [illegible] got anybody [illegible]?"

This query found [illegible] the Tull[illegible] to the ears of Soph[illegible] dinner-time she appeared in the [illegible].

Bilson was "[illegible] of it." He was conscious he was sore; he was heavy of heart and head. He looked up as he lay on his bed, and saw a comely, middle-aged woman, sharp of feature, yet somehow pleasant and comforting, standing by his bed.

"Sophronia!" he exclaimed.

"Hush!" she said, "the medical man said you wasn't to talk."

"Sophronia—'tain't you!"

"P'raps it ain't," said Sophronia, sourly; "p'raps it's a cow, or a 'orse, or a goat, or anythin' that is my neighbour's. But the best I know, it's me, an' I've come to 'ave an eye on you."

"S'phronia!" gasped the sufferer, "'tain't proper."

"'T's goin' to be proper, Samuel Bilson. You wait, an' you'll see what you'll see. 'Ere 'e comes."

Mr. Bilson's room was reached by a ladder, coming up through a hole in the floor. Through this hole came a peculiarly-shaped felt hat; then a pale, youthful face; then a coat with many buttons:

"To 'ave and to 'old," said Sophronia. "'Ere 'e is."

The head came up, and a long, thin body after it. Pale and gaunt, swaying slightly backward and forward, the Reverend Mr. Chizzy stood before them and smiled vaguely.

Behind Mr. Chizzy came two limp little girls, hangers-on of the Tullingworth-Gordon household. The Tullingworth-Gordons called them "scullery-maids."

Bilson half rose on his elbow in astonishment, alarm, and indignation.

"Sophronia 'Uckins," he demanded: "What do this 'ere mean? I ain't a-dyin', and I ain't got no need of a clergyman, thank 'eaven. And no more this ain't a scullery, 'Uckins."

"This," said Sophronia, pointing at the clergyman as though he were a wax-figure in a show: "this is to wed you and me, Samuel Bilson, and *them*"—(she indicated the scullery-maids) "them witnesses it."

"Witnesses *wot*?" Mr. Bilson inquired, in a yell.

"Witnesses our marriage, Samuel Bilson. I 'ave got a speshul licence, which it cost me thirty pounds of my savings. Nuss you I can not, both bein' single, and nussed you must and shall be. Now, set up and be marri'd quiet."

Mr. Bilson's physical condition forbade him to leap from the bed; but his voice leaped to the rafters above him.

"Marri'd!" he shouted. "I'll die fust!"

"Die you will," said Sophronia, calmly but sternly, "if married you ain't, and that soon."

"Sophronia!" Bilson's voice was hollow and deeply reproachful. "You 'ave throwed me over."

"I 'ave," she assented.

"And 'ere I am."

"And there you are."

"Sophronia, you 'ave not treated me right."

"I 'ave not, Samuel Bilson," Miss Huckins cheerfully assented. "I might 'ave known as you was not fit to take care of yourself. But I mean to do my dooty now, so will you have the kindness to button your clo'es at the neck, and sit up?"

Mr. Bilson mechanically fastened the neck-band of his night-shirt and raised himself to the sitting posture.

He made one last faint protest.

"'Twouldn't be right, Sophronia," he wailed; "I ain't wot I was. I'm a wuthless and a busted wreck. I can't tie no woman to me for life. It ain't doin' justice to neither."

"If you're what you say you are," said Sophronia imperturbly, "and you know better than I do, you should be glad to take wot you can get. If I'm suited, don't *you* complain."

"Miss Huckins," the young clergyman broke in, feebly asserting himself; "this is utterly irregular."

"I know it is," said Sophronia; "and we're a-waitin' for you to set it straight."

The two girls giggled. A warm flush mounted to Mr. Chizzy's pale face. He hesitated a second, then nervously opened his book and began the service. Sophronia stood by the bedside, clasping Bilson's hand in a grasp which no writhing could loosen.

"Dearly beloved," Mr. Chizzy began, and with a trembling voice he hurried on through the service until he came to:

"*Then shall the minister say*, Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"

That roused Mr. Chizzy. It came late, but it seemed to open a way out of the horribly irregular business. He paused, and tried to fix an uncertain eye on Sophronia.

"Have you a father or a friend here?" he demanded.

"Jim!" said Sophronia, loudly.

"Ma'am!" came a voice from the lower storey of the stable.

"Say 'I do.'"

"Ma'am!"

"Say 'I do'—and [illegible] it directly!"

"Say—say? What do you want, Miss Huckins?"

"*Jim!*" said Sophronia, sternly, "open your mouth and say 'I do!' out loud, or I come down there immejit!"

"I do!" came from the floor below.

"'Ere's the ring!" said Sophronia, promptly; "I, M., take thee, N.'—if you'll 'ave the kindness to go on, sir, we won't detain you any longer than we can help. I'm give away, I believe; and I'll take 'im, M!"

"Forasmuch," began the Rev. Mr. Chizzy, a few minutes later, "Samuel and Sophronia have——"

He stopped suddenly. Up through the opening in the floor arose the head of a youth, perhaps fourteen years of age. Mr. Chizzy recognised him as the stable boy.

"What you want me to say 'I do' for?" he inquired.

"Mrs.—— Mrs.—— Bilson!" said Mr. Chizzy, with a tremulous indignation in his voice; "did this infant act as your parent or friend, just now?"

"'E give me away," replied the unabashed bride.

Mr. Chizzy looked at her, at Bilson, at Jim, and at the girls. Then he opened his book again and finished the ceremony.

* * * * *

The Tullingworth-Gordons were angry when they heard of the marriage. They missed the two mainstays of their domestic system. But, well, Bilson was growing old, and Sophronia was growing tyrannical. Perhaps it was better as it was. And after all, they had always wanted a lodge and a lodge-keeper.

THE parents of a pair of twins named one Simul and the other Taneous, because they were born at the same time.

A LAWYER'S client being shown into an office, was pressed to take a seat and take off his hat, but, stoutly declined, urging as his reason that he desired to "keep his expenses down as much as possible."

IN a small theatre, at the close of the third act, the curtain did not drop the whole length, but remained suspended half way. Stretched out on the stage lay a solitary dead man. As all endeavours to lower the curtain failed, the corpse at length got up, and said in sepulchral tones: "No rest, even in the grave," and went and dragged the curtain to the floor.

LAST week we asked competitors to see if they could make the words NEW DOOR into one word. The answer is ONE WORD. The following are the names and addresses of the prize-winners.—

Mr. C. B. Brough, Royal York Hotel, Margate; Mr. A. G. Hill, 27, Strand, Dawlish, Devon; Mr. A. A. Kirkcaldy, 76, Dunbeth Road, Coatbridge, Scotland; Mr. G. Palmer, 27, Old Ford Road, London, N.E.; Mr. T. M. Scott, Quartermaster-Sergeant, South Wales Borderers, 8, Back Road, Welshpool; Mr. J. A. Macdonald, 8, Cleveland Street, Birkenhead; Mr. J. Ryan, 176, Burrage Road, Plumstead; Mr. G. W. Hitchcock, 38, Cumberland Road, Reading; Mr. A. Malley, 5, Mill Street, Crewe; Mr. W. H. Solley, Electric Railway, Elephant and Castle, S.E.; Mr. T. Greenslade, Barry Downe, St. Mary Cray; Mr. St. Hath, 38, St. John's Hill, Lewes; Mr. W. Callaway, 7, Factory Road, Northfleet; Mr. L. Allen, High School, Victoria Road, Bridlington Quay; Mr. W. Prince, Coalport, near Ironbridge, Shropshire; Miss B. Wisdom, 164, Blomfield Terrace, Harrow Road, W.; Mr. D. Henderson, 73, Milton Street, Motherwell, N.B.; Mr. A. T. Plater, 24, Stepford Road, Plaistow, E.; Miss M. Foster, 3, Pemberton Terrace, North Street, Wilton, Wilts; Mr. F. Thistle, c/o Cadbury Bros., Birmingham; Miss Plowman, Brooklands, Crayford, Kent; Miss E. Mings, East Cowes Castle, Isle of Wight; Miss E. Singleton, Rosetta, Belfast; Mr. J. McKenzie, Rue Villa, Midmills Road, Inverness, N.B.; Mr. E. Lewis, Falmouth, Cornwall.

THE FIRST PHONOGRAPH.

A GENTLEMAN recently repeated to me an account given him by Mr. Thomas A. Edison of the making of the first phonograph. It has not, so far as I know, been in print, and is interesting, as showing the inventor's methods of working.

Busily engaged on innumerable things, Mr. Edison carried in his mind for a long time the idea of the phonograph, turning it over and over, and from time to time jotting down sketches and memoranda concerning its construction. At length he said to an old German machinist, who made models for him, that he wanted a machine constructed in a certain manner, but of the use of it he gave no hint.

Now and then, as the work went on, without seeing the model, Mr. Edison ordered certain changes, which, of course, were duly made. Finally the German was told to bring the machine for examination. Mr. Edison fitted into it a sheet of tinfoil, and turning the crank, spoke into the funnel the somewhat familiar verse about Mary and her little lamb.

The German regarded him as if he thought he had gone mad, but when Mr. Edison reversed the motion, and the phonograph pipingly repeated his stanza, the old man threw up his hands and exclaimed, in the utmost astonishment:—

"Ach, Himmel, it talks!"

FACTS CONCERNING BONES.

PEOPLE usually imagine that their bones are of solid mineral construction, without any feeling in them. No one who has ever had a leg or an arm cut off is likely to indulge in such a mistaken notion. Comparatively speaking, little pain is felt when the flesh is being cut through, but when the bone is attacked by the saw, Oh, my!

You see, as a matter of fact, there are blood-vessels and nerves inside the bones just as there are outside. Anyone who has purchased a beefsteak at the market knows about the marrow in the bone. It is the same with other animals than the bullock, including human beings. Through the marrow run the nerves and blood-vessels, entering the bones from the flesh without by little holes, which you can see for yourself any time by examining a skeleton, or part of one. When the disease called rheumatism, which no physician understands, affects the nerves within the bones, no way has been discovered for treating it successfully. It does not do to smile when a person says that he feels a thing in his bones.

Nature adapts the bony structure of various animals to their habits in a very interesting manner. Sluggish creatures, like the sloth, have solid bones, whereas the bones of the deer and the antelope are comparatively light, so that they may run fast, and the leg bones of the ostrich are hollow. You will find in the bones of any skeleton the application of mechanical principles which have only become known to man through the processes of laborious and long-considered invention.

A RASH DRINK OF WATER.

A CORRESPONDENT sends an account of his experience in killing a tiger. He was travelling through India on official business, and in one of the villages heard of a tiger that committed nightly depredations. He bought a calf for bait, and the natives took it to a point outside the village, and fastened it to a stake under a convenient tree, where a branch some twenty feet from the ground hung over it.

"Just before night," he says, "armed with two rifles and two pistols, all the firearms I had with me, I established myself alone on that branch. I did not even take my one servant with me. He would only have fallen asleep and tumbled to the ground.

"Quietly I prepared for business. I hung my ammunition belt over the limb, where I could reach it easily. My pistol belt I hung beside it, with one pistol on each side, so that I could lay my hand on either instantly. One rifle I balanced against the tree, and, as there was no place for the other, I held it in my hand.

"All was ready, and I waited patiently. An hour went by, and the moon rose, making it almost as light as day. I could see everything—everything except the tiger.

"I had chosen this spot as there was a spring not far from the tree, and the first thing the tiger would look for after lying all day in the jungle, would be a drink of water. If he came there to drink, he was sure to hear and see the calf, and make for it at once.

Between the tree and the spring stood a cluster of low shrubs. Beyond the spring there was open country, and then the jungle whence I supposed the tiger must come. I had not taken my eyes from it, but though I could see the jackals on the edge of the jungle, there was no tiger.

"Another hour went by. I was growing sleepy, and seeing no danger, I went to the spring for a drink, carrying my rifle. I was slowly walking back to the tree, when the struggles of the calf attracted my attention. It was making a most peculiar noise, and a low growl came from the bushes between me and the tree. If blood can run cold I am sure mine did at that moment. There I stood in the open plain, with just one shot at my command, and a tiger between me and my only refuge.

"He had evidently been there for some time. He had seen me in the tree, and had been waiting for me to go before he dared to touch the calf. If he was growling, now, at the calf, preparing for a meal, there was hope for me; but if he was growling at my coming back it meant that he was ready to spring upon me, and there was not one atom of hope.

"I did not dare to move. The calf kept up its crying, and the low, ominous growl never ceased. Then each noise grew a little more emphatic, and it was evident that between us two the tiger had decided on the calf. A little later and I saw his huge form moving stealthily towards the tree. He was evidently afraid of some trick, and was investigating.

"I did not move till he made the leap. Then I hurried up behind the bushes, and could see him crouching over the poor calf, drinking its blood. It was impossible for me to reach the tree. Now, if ever, was my chance. One shot must do the work. I aimed at his head, and fired.

"I saw him loose his hold, heard him give one savage yelp, and then, to my horror, saw him turn, gnashing his teeth furiously, and come creeping towards the bushes.

"I sank down on my knees to get as much shelter as possible, and waited for what seemed as sure a death as ever faced man. But the growling subsided into a hoarse breathing. Was the tiger dying? I cautiously rose till I could see through the upper branches. Two bright yellow eyes, like fire-balls, and a sharp growl sent me to my knees again.

"The tiger is a coward, and slow to spring upon what he cannot see. He is naturally patient also, and for the present I dared not to be otherwise than patient. So we waited. The rough ground tortured my knees till I thought I would almost rather die than bear the pain any longer. Then the breeze would stir the leaves, and a low growl would convince me that I had better bear it a little longer after all.

"It was a long time before I dared to risk another look. There was nothing there! I crept from my hiding place. The calf lay dead beneath the tree. The next moment I saw the tiger, almost half-way to the jungle, lying stone-dead upon the ground."

A STRANGE CEREMONY.

UPON the death of a Spanish king a singular and imposing ceremony takes place. When the religious rites have been celebrated the body of the monarch is borne on a magnificent catafalque, and followed by the officers of state, the grandees of Spain, and the princes of all the provinces, out of the palace of the Escurial to the monastery, in whose vaults all the Castilian kings are entombed. The gate is locked. The High Chamberlain knocks three times. The face of a monk appears at the opening.

"Who seeks to enter?" he says.

"Alfonso XII., King of Spain," is the reply.

"Is the king dead?"

The chief physicians and the principal officers then present their certificates that he is dead, and the gates roll slowly back to admit the king who comes to join the eternal sleep of his ancestors. When the final prayers of the church have been said, the coffin is borne to the vault and laid upon a stone table. The lid is removed and the face of the king uncovered. The principal hidalgo in the kingdom then goes down into the vault, and, kneeling, puts his mouth to the ear of the corpse, calling aloud:

"Senor! Senor! Senor!"

After the third call he rises, and exclaims:

"There is no reply. The king is dead. He will return no more. The queen (or king) reigns."

A HEROIC CORPS.

A RECENT chronicle of the deeds of the Twenty-eighth Regiment of the line of the French Army has brought out some stirring incidents in the history of that corps during the period between 1789 and 1815. In 1799 the Twenty-eighth—then called the Twenty-eighth half-brigade—was sent to take an entrenchment of the Austrians in the heights of the Simplon Pass.

Arriving at the point, they found the enemy solidly entrenched in what appeared to be an impregnable position. In front of their redoubts, and quite separating them from the French position, was a deep chasm, through which ran a mountain torrent.

Colonel Walhubert, who commanded the Twenty-eighth, had no idea of being stopped by what seemed an impassable obstacle. He found a long, straight tree, with a trunk almost a foot in thickness. This tree he ordered to be cut down, and the trunk was thrust across the stream under a galling fire.

Then he started his command across the log, one man at a time. The first soldier who stepped upon it was shot, and fell into the chasm. So with the second and third; but the French crowded on after these, and presently several succeeded in crossing. Then Walhubert himself passed over the log in safety, and, organising his little party on the other side, he made an attack on the Austrian redoubt, his men clambering up the sharp rocks to the assault.

This diverted a part of the Austrians' fire from the log. The French kept crossing one at a time, though many among them went down to death in the chasm. The attacking column increased little by little, and, by a mad charge, in which the assailants were partly protected by the roughness of the soil, succeeded in dislodging the Austrians from their first and lower line of entrenchments. When the French—as many of them as had survived the fearful passage—had crossed the chasm, Walhubert formed his half-brigade, stormed the enemy's position, carried it, and captured twelve hundred men, with a number of guns.

Desperate bravery is a great quality in a soldier, but the quality of patient endurance under privation and suffering, without the inspiration of battle, is a still higher quality. Following this heroic encounter in the Simplon, the Twenty-eighth half-brigade was put into winter quarters at a high altitude in the Alps. There, apparently abandoned by their countrymen, the soldiers suffered a winter of distress and privation, for they received no pay whatever and very little food.

When at last, in May, 1800, Bonaparte, then First Consul, came along on his way to Italy, he congratulated the Twenty-eighth on its heroic devotion to duty, and, by way of reward, issued this order:

"The First Consul orders, as a mark of his satisfaction with the good conduct of this half-brigade, that, in the first ensuing encounter with the enemy, it shall march at the head of the advance guard."

These soldiers asked no higher reward than to be taken, enervated, emaciated, and weak as they were from their winter's privations, and placed in the forefront of battle; but the First Consul also gave orders that they should receive their arrears of pay for the eight months of isolation. The half-brigade fought in the front rank in several battles, and suffered terrible losses, but the men never received their arrears of pay.

Afterward, at the battle of Austerlitz, the brave commander of the Twenty-eighth, Walhubert, received a mortal wound while leading his men. Before he died he wrote this letter to Napoleon:

"I would have wished to do more for you, but I die in an hour. I do not grieve for my life, because I have had part in a victory which assures to you a happy reign. When you think of the brave men who were devoted to you, give my memory a thought. It is enough for me to tell you that I have a family. I do not need to commend them to you."

And then Walhubert died—and was forgotten.

ARABELLA: "Why is Miss Passée so proud?"

Isabella: "Well, there are 20,000,000 engagement rings in the world, and she has one of them."

YOUNG MAN: "So Miss Ella is your eldest sister. Who came after her?"

Small Brother: "Nobody ain't come as yet, but pa says that the first feller who comes can have her."

"MY wife is a lecturer and I am an entertainer," said Hobbs.

"Indeed, I knew your wife appeared in public, but I did not know that you ever did."

"Oh, I don't. I stay at home and entertain the baby."

WE ONLY REQUEST

for THE WEEK'S NEWS a fair trial. THE WEEK'S NEWS is a sixteen-page paper, the same size as *Pearson's Weekly*, crammed with the most readable matter that has appeared in the daily and weekly press of the entire country during the seven days preceding its publication. It does not consist merely of news items, but contains three pages headed, PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT, which give personal information regarding those men and women most before the public eye. It also contains, in its pages headed QUAINT AND CURIOUS and ODDS AND ENDS, a quantity of very interesting and entertaining matter, while a ladies' page called FOR THE FAIR, a page headed SPORTS AND SPORTSMEN, and ALL THE WORLD OVER (which has comprises five newsy pages) make up the paper.

If anybody who has purchased a copy of THE WEEK'S NEWS, *and, after perusing it, feels that he can honestly say he does not care for it, will send us the heading of the paper, accompanied by an intimation to this effect, we will pay him two-pence for the penny he has expended. Applications can only be entertained provided they come through the post.*

Any newsvendor can obtain THE WEEK'S NEWS regularly, but, in common with all other new papers, it requires asking for. It is published every Friday. Give us credit for common sense in this matter. If the paper was not worth recommending to your notice we should never recommend it, for the simple reason that if you buy a copy, and do not care for it, we run a risk of losing your support so far as *Pearson's Weekly* is concerned. We believe that in THE WEEK'S NEWS we are bringing out a good thing, and have, therefore, every confidence in asking you to give it a trial.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

726. Sea-birds Cannot Drink Salt Water. How, then, do they Quench their Thirst?

This is a question that naturalists have never settled. Sailors assert that sea-birds may be seen fluttering under a rain-cloud, and drinking the drops as they descend. They further assert that these birds discern a rainstorm from enormous distances, and flock towards it from every point of the compass. In all probability, however, this is one of the many tales of the sea which are more picturesque than veracious. The power of flying possessed by many sea-birds is so enormous that they are, practically speaking, never out of reach of fresh water; but this remark cannot apply to such comparatively feeble wanderers of the ocean as the Stormy Petrels, which are found in its remotest parts. In all probability the explanation as regards these and other birds similarly situated is that they obtain so large an amount of oil from the fish on which they subsist that this almost entirely obviates the necessity for drinking.

731. Why does Hot Water Freeze more Quickly than Cold?

An answer was given to this question more than six hundred years ago, by about the first of our English scientists, Roger Bacon—"It doesn't, for I have tried it." If you try it, too, you will find that of two similar vessels of water put out in the frost, the one that was cooler to begin with, freezes the first. The general idea that hot water freezes the more quickly arises from the common experience that hot water used to wash steps, or thrown out on the cold stones, freezes almost immediately. If this is so, it is because from the amount of surface exposed, evaporation is very rapid and cold is thus produced which helps to freeze the relatively small amount of water left.

732. Which is the Most Lucrative Post under the British Government?

The office of Viceroy and Governor-General of India, the pay of which (exclusive of allowances) is £25,000 a year. As that sum is paid in rupees, its value in English money fluctuates with the price of silver. The next most lucrative post under the British Government, is that of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, who receives £20,000 a year for the performance of its duties. The Ambassador representing this country at Paris receives £10,000 a year, as does the Lord Chancellor of England—£6,000 as Judge, and £4,000 as Speaker of the House of Lords. The remuneration (salaries and fees) of the law officers of the Crown stands high, the Attorney-General having, during the last four years, averaged £10,650 a year, and the Solicitor-General £9,795 a year. Both the last-named officials make, in addition, large incomes from the practice of their profession.

733. Has Every Nation and Tribe a Knowledge of Intoxicants?

The use of intoxicating liquors is almost universal among both savage and civilised man. The savage races which had no such drinks when first discovered were very few. The Australians were water drinkers, also the Hottentots and some tribes of North-American Indians. The Esquimaux, too, were ignorant of the art of fermenting liquors. This, however, exhausts the list, possibly some small scattered and little-known tribes excepted. Indeed, as pointed out by Letourneau, acquaintance with the art of producing intoxication with any substance bespeaks some advance on the part of a race or tribe, some degree of lifting up above the mere bestial satisfaction of the hunger of the moment, and especially some acquaintance with agriculture. Alcoholic drinks are most widely spread, and the eagerness with which they are seized upon by the most ignorant and primitive races when introduced among them by the white man—with terribly fatal effects—proves that the absence of intoxicating substances in any case is a result of ignorance. The desire is there, but has hitherto had nothing wherewith it could be satisfied. Wine made from the grape is supposed to have been known to the mythical primo-Aryans, and it remains typical of the liquors of the Aryan races. The Chinese made wine from spiced rice in Marco Polo's time. The Tartars ferment their mares' milk and make their intoxicating koumiss, and they distil it, extracting from it a sort of brandy. Palm-tree wine is universal in the Arabian civilisation. The Persian mâ-el-hiât is made mostly from oranges. Palm wine is used in parts of Africa where Moorish influence has penetrated, but pombé, or millet beer, is the chief drink of the African negro. The Guiana Indians use cassava. The Mexicans make pulque from the fermented juice of the American aloe. Kava, disgustingly prepared by mastication, is the Polynesian means of debauch.

734. Is very Cold or Very Hot Weather the more Fatal to Human Life in this Country?

Very cold weather unquestionably. Such weather in this country not only causes serious trouble with the lungs and throat sufferers, large numbers of the population, both young and old, especially during the spring and winter seasons, but also shortens the lives of great numbers of the aged during the course of a long-continued cold and severe winter. Dr. B. W. Richardson, referring to the effect of cold weather in this country, says that cold weather has little influence on persons past the stage of infancy and under thirty, but after that age it tells with increasing intensity. Where a fall in temperature would kill one person in a given number at thirty, it would kill two at thirty-nine, four at forty-eight, eight at fifty-seven, sixteen at sixty-six, thirty-two at seventy-five, and sixty-four at eighty-four. The death rates tell the same tale, the mortality increasing rapidly when very cold weather is experienced. In the winter of 1860-61 we had the most intense cold that has been experienced during the present century, and the month of January, 1861, showed an enormous increase in the mortality. In London the number of deaths per week was 585 in excess of the weekly average of the preceding year, and in the City the mortality rose to within seven of the number of cases reached under the cholera visitation in 1848. A very mild winter correspondingly lowers the rate of mortality.

735. Are there any Means to Render Gunpowder Non-Explosive Without Wetting it?

In the year 1865 Mr. Gale, a blind electrician of Plymouth, invented a process by which gunpowder could be rendered non-explosive, and its combustible properties restored when required. Mr. Gale's invention consisted of the use of glass, ground to a very fine powder, which, by admixture in the proportion of two parts of the glass powder to one of gunpowder, rendered the latter non-explosive and innocuous. It was found that a red-hot poker could be thrust into the mixed powders without causing any explosion. By the use of a fine sieve the glass powder was separated from the gunpowder, and it was asserted that there was no diminution in the power or quality, and only a trifling decrease in the quantity of the latter. The process is so simple that in five minutes a barrel of powder can be rendered non-explosive, and in another five minutes restored to its original condition.

736. What Liquid Evaporates Most Rapidly?

Liquid carbonic acid gas evaporates more rapidly than any other liquid. In fact, it is so volatile that it can only be kept in the fluid state at ordinary temperatures under very great pressure. There is, however, very little room for choice as to comparative rapidity of evaporation among the various other gases oxygen, hydrogen, and also common air—which have only in recent years been successfully reduced to the liquid state by the combined application of great pressure and intense cold. In any of these cases if a little of the fluid be allowed to escape into the air it dissipates almost instantaneously. Taking liquids which remain fluid at ordinary temperatures, ether evaporates most rapidly.

737. Can the Breed of a Dog be Distinguished by its Bark?

It is the opinion of the best writers on the dog that his breed cannot be distinguished in this way. The Esquimaux dogs of extreme North America so closely resemble the wolf of the same regions in voice, as well as appearance, that Sir J. Richardson, on several occasions, mistook a pack of those wild animals for a troop of dogs.

738. Is there any Record of a British Winter During which no Snow Fell?

There have been years in which no frost nor snow whatever has been seen. In 1172, so mild was the season that the trees were covered with leaves, and birds built their nests and hatched their young in the month of February. In 1289 there was another mild winter; and, in 1421, blossoms were to be seen on the ordinary trees in March, and on the vines in April; cherries ripened in the latter month, and grapes in May. In 1538, the gardens were bright with flowers in January. 1572 was like 1172; and 1607, 1612, and 1617 were remarkable for their mild temperature. Neither ice nor snow was visible in 1659. On the 21st of January, 1661, Pepys wrote in his diary:—"It is strange what weather we have had all this winter; no cold at all, but the ways are dusty, and the flies fly up and down, and the rose-bushes are full of leaves, such a time as was never know in this world before here." The next winter was even warmer, so much so that Parliament ordered a general fast-day with prayers for cold and seasonable weather. In Germany, no stoves were lit in 1692. Coming to recent years, between November, 1862, and February, 1864, no snow fell. This was the longest period within recent years during which this country was known to be without a snowfall.

739. Are Men who Wear a Full Beard More Likely to Become Bald than Those who Wear Little or None?

The beard has nothing whatever to do with baldness. The idea suggested by the question, no doubt, arises from the fact that men with plentiful beards often are more or less bald, but this is not in any way owing to the abundant growth of hair on the face having operated against that of the hair on the head. There is, unless disease exists, no such thing as baldness of the beard, simply because the hair of the beard is allowed to exist under natural, and therefore, healthful conditions. No man ever thinks of covering up his beard for hours at a time with an impervious sort of box that entirely prevents light and air from getting at it. Yet this is what nearly all of us do with the hair that grows on the head, regardless of the fact that the hair is merely a plant, and, like every other plant, requires plenty of light and air if it is to flourish. The hair of the beard is not stinted in either of these vital respects, and therefore endures as long as the life of the individual, unless some unusual disease should attack it. The hair of the head is, on the other hand, covered up frequently, and for long periods, with air-tight hats, and, naturally enough, resents this treatment by falling out.

740. Does a Strong Rear Wind Accelerate the Speed of an Express Train?

The wind would have to be very strong indeed if it were to perceptibly accelerate the speed of a fast train, for even in the most violent gales it does not blow at so great a rate as fifty or sixty miles an hour, except in brief gusts. If it did, scarcely any buildings could withstand its force. It stands, of course, to reason that for a train to be helped by the wind to any material extent it would be necessary for the wind to proceed at a greater rate than the train. At the same time, a strong rear wind, no doubt, in some slight degree assists the course of a train, as it tends to reduce the friction of the atmosphere, and this is one of the principal forces against which a train has to contend.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from readers who have the knowledge and ability to answer them. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following their publication. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

761. Which is the weakest quadruped in proportion to its size?

762. Friction produces heat. Can water be heated by shaking it up in a bottle?

763. Why does a seed always shoot upwards whatever position it may occupy underground?

764. When were marriages first solemnized in churches?

765. Are shadows invariably black?

766. Can water freeze to any depth if the frost be sufficiently severe?

767. In what part of the United Kingdom is drunkenness most and least prevalent?

768. What is the simplest method of determining accurately the pace at which one is walking?

769. How much revenue is absorbed by the half-pay of naval and military officers?

770. Do scientists support the theory of spontaneous combustion of the human body?

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THE TONGUE.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue—an early death."

Or sometimes take this form instead,
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"
Say the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sages this impart,
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung,
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole,
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

HIS EVENING CALL.

"Mr. Kiljordan," said the matronly lady, as she swept with composed dignity into the handsomely-furnished drawing-room, where the young and rising, but impecunious young doctor, who had serious intentions on her well-dowered daughter, sat waiting, "I'm sorry to say that Irene is confined to her room by a slight indisposition, and cannot come down this evening;" and she sat down and looked at the youth steadily, but not unkindly. In the presence of this elderly lady, the mother of Irene, Bardolph Kiljordan was conscious that he loomed up at a disadvantage. He was oppressed by a sense of immaturity, obtrusive feet, and unmanageable hands, and yet his whole being was pervaded with a yearning anxiety to please.

"I trust," said he, huskily, "that it is nothing serious."

"You are kind," replied the lady. "By-the-way, Mr. Kiljordan—pardon me for asking the question—but are you skilful at removing a mote from the eye?"

With rapidly-rising courage, and a heart-throb of exultation at the possibility that the indisposition of the lovely Irene was one that he might have the happiness of removing, he exclaimed:—

"Without presumption, Mrs. Pinhook, I may say that I am. I have had a great deal of practice at little jobs of that kind, and am nearly always successful. Of late I have tried the new way of doing it, and I have found it to work perfectly. If a cinder or other small particle has lodged in one eye I rub the other one, and it always brings it out. If Miss Irene——"

"Thank you, Mr. Kiljordan. For the last day or two I have been troubled with a speck of some kind in my left eye. If not too much trouble to you, I will ask you to see if you can get it out." And for the next half-hour the helpless young medico rubbed that old lady's right eye, and groaned inwardly in wretchedness of spirit.

SWEET-SCENTED SECRETS.

The export of the fine perfumery is principally from Grasse, Nice, Cannes, and Bremen. The business is divided into two parts. The manufacturers extract from the flowers their essential oils. The perfumer buys these oils, pomades, and extracts, and compounds them in several ways. Only about a dozen of all the fragrant flowers in the world are used in the manufacture of perfumery, viz.:—the violet, rose, orange flower, jasmine, tuberose, cassia, lavender, thyme, rosemary, geraniums, jonquil, and fennel.

The rose and the orange are the most valuable. Of the numerous varieties of the rose only one is used—the Provence rose, single, pale pink, the most sweet-smelling of roses, not hardy. Picking for perfumery occurs in almost every month of the year.

The fruit of the bitter orange yields a very fine essential oil, bigarade. It is used in many scents. The orange-tree, cultivated for its oils, lasts, with care, over two hundred years. One ton of the distilled leaves of the scented verbena geranium yields from twenty-four to thirty ounces of essential oil. The flowers of the jasmine are picked just after sunset in July, and in the morning, as soon as the dew is off, in August.

The jasmine is a peculiarly delicate flower. Its essential oil is so volatile that it cannot be extracted by distillation. The perfume of the cassia is much used in compounds. The process of manufacturing perfumes is in itself very interesting, especially to ladies. A ton of roses yields only two ounces of the attar, ottar, or otto. If kept at a temperature below 60 deg., attar crystalises; if kept open to the air and light it is easily volatilised.

Perfumed oils are made by putting fresh quantities of flowers into the finest of virgin olive oil, from twenty to thirty different times. The essential oil of flowers has a strong affinity to lard or grease. The latter, rendered as white as snow, is perfectly saturated with the flowers. The process is repeated many times.

In this way we have pomade of rose, orange, cassia, and violet. The affinity of the perfume of flowers for alcohol is, however, stronger than that for grease. Pomades, immersed in alcohol, are rendered into extracts, the grease leaving the perfume.

VARIOUS WAYS OF TELLING IT.

The Plain Style.

A lady slipped on some orange-peel in School Street, yesterday, and broke her leg.

The Staccato Style.

It was a job for a surgeon.
Orange-peel did it.
There was a slide, a scream, and a dull thud.
The atmosphere was full of lingerie, frou frou, hairpins, and *bric-à-brac*.
It was laughable.
But only to a few.
A dozen men rushed gallantly to the rescue.
It was a woman who had fallen.
Horror. A nether limb broken.
She was in agony.
And all because of somebody's carelessness.
Saul has slain his thousands.
Orange-peel has slain its ten thousands.

The Florid Style.

Tripping lightly down School Street, yesterday afternoon, her face all aglow with health, and every muscle, nerve, vein, and artery in harmony with the invigorating atmosphere, a representative of the softer sex was seen suddenly to deflect from the perpendicular, and in another instant this one of Heaven's last and best gifts to man came with crushing force to the hard, unyielding pavement. The immediate cause of the unfortunate lady's downfall was the greasy envelope of that tropical fruit, the orange, which some thoughtless, if not malicious, individual had cast upon the public pavement. The victim of this carelessness, or worse, had sustained a fracture of a limb, and it will be many weary weeks ere she will again be able to walk erect and stately as heretofore.

The Facetious Style.

She will be careful how she treads on orange-peel hereafter. She didn't know it was loaded; but it shot her off. It is only a broken leg; not much comfort to her, but a good thing for the surgeon. There's money in it. People who throw away orange-peel should be careful to throw it so that it will land with the slippery side down, unless they are in league with the bone-setting profession. In that case, of course, it is different.

Johnnie: 'Oh, Mrs. Jones, our baby is like a railway porter. He can talk, but no one understands a word he says."

Two of a Kind: "These trousers are very much worn this season," said the tailor, displaying his goods. "So are these I have on," replied the poet, sadly.

A paper says that the editor of its rival sheet was skating recently and broke through the ice. He went in up to the ears, but the hole was not large enough to let them go through. While he was waiting for someone to take him out his ears froze, and they have since been amputated, and are used for doormats.

A theatrical manager was being continually pestered for orders. One day a notorious "deadhead" button-holed him, and would take no refusal. The manager, pretending to have no "paper" in his pockets, wrote, "Pass two—stalls" upon the shirt-front of the order-hunter. When the latter presented himself at the theatre the ticket-taker, acting upon instructions received, refused to pass him unless he gave up the order.

At a feeing market, two farm servants, a little top-heavy with liquor, quarrelled, and began fighting on the public street. In the struggle both fell, when the uppermost began punishing his recumbent opponent.

"Gi'e him fair play; do not hit the man when he's doon; lat him up," were constant cries of the bystanders.

"Catch me lattin' him up," exclaimed Jack, holding fast his prostrate foe; "I had owre muckle trouble in gettin' him doon."

In our issue for week ending January 2, we asked readers who wished to secure pencil-cases to make a well-known proverb from the following letters:—a-a-c-e-e-e-f-f-h-h i-i-i-i-i-m-n-n-o-o-o-p-r-r-s-s-t-t-t-t-t. The answer to this is:—"Procrastination is the thief of time." The following is a list of the prize-winners:—

Mr. E. Morton, Fairfield, East Dulwich Green; Mr. John Jones, 62, Water Street, Neath; Mr. W. H. Hobson, 20, Edith Road, Seacombe; Miss M. A. Pridham, 123, Rose Street, Sheerness-on Sea; Mr. W. T. Watson, Redcar; Miss S. Allen, 59, Cecil Street, Plymouth; Miss M. Macfea, 20, West Street, Croydon; Miss A. Cowie, 50, Castle Street, Aberdeen; Mr. R. McMillin, Deaf and Dumb Institute, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Mr. G. W. Hayward, 32, Cromshill, Greenwich; Mr. S. C. Reeve, 32, Great Tower Street, E.C.; Mr. C. F. Passmore, Lunesdale, Woking; Mr. S. H. Mockridge, 21, Jubilee Street, Taunton; Mr. G. Allott, The Green, Ossett; Mr. R. Stone, Chief Clerk, Central Station, Macclesfield; Mr. T. J. Lynch, Irishtown, Clonmel, co Tipperary; Mr. H. de Correzes, 52, Crofton Road, Peckham; Mr. G. Holywell, Redcar Road, South Bank; Miss M. M. Nelson, 24, Campfield Street, Falkirk, N.B.; Mr. T. S. Turner, 10, Westbourne Park, Scarborough; Mr. E. W. Kitchen, The Priory, Langley Road, Watford; Mr. F. G. Varcoe, 2, Burnaby Villas, Singlewell Road, Gravesend; Mr. O. F. Hueffer, 1, St. Edmund's Terrace, Regent's Park; Mr. C. Boler, 95, Arundel Street, Sheffield; Mr. A. H. Foster, Hawksclough, Hebden Bridge.

BILLINGSGATE OF TO-DAY.

Probably when old Belin, King of the Britons, was pottering along the rural banks of the Thames in the dim past of early English history, the snarers of the finny tribes came to sell their wares at Belin's gate. To-day it is Billingsgate, and the fishermen sell more in a day at this greatest fish market in the world than their remote ancestors did in two or three years of Belin's reign.

Billingsgate is the custom-house for fish, and the vast quantities which come for metropolitan consumption pass under the inspection of four officials, whose duty it is to examine the fish as it is brought to the market, and condemn all that is unfit for food.

These officials are appointed by the Court of the Fishmonger's Company, which meets about twice a month. This company is one of the twelve great guilds, or trades companies, of London, and has not, like so many others, lapsed into a mere name—an excuse for eating indigestible dinners.

It has a fine hall, called the Fishmongers' Hall, which is situated near London Bridge. The company derives very comfortable revenues from properties of its own, and, while savouring somewhat of a private corporation, is really a municipal institution, which spends £1,000 yearly in looking after the well-being of Londoners by protecting them from bad fish.

The lively time at the market is in the early morning. By three in the afternoon the stalls are as bare as picked bones, the doors locked, and the stone floors are flushed with water drawn from an abundant well beneath the building. The water of the Thames at this point is so miserably dirty that even an eel cannot live in it.

There are over two hundred salesmen employed in the market, but the days of the fishwife, whose voluble tongue gave rise to the name of Billingsgate for a very disreputable vocabulary of words and expressions, are long past. The stall proprietors are all of the ruder set and with less rude tongues.

There is a constant inspection of the fish as they are delivered at the wharf at Billingsgate, which is the oldest on the Thames. The market fronts on one side of the Thames, and on the other on Lower Thames Street. Each of the inspectors has absolute authority to condemn any fish which he thinks unsuited for the purposes of consumption. He gives a "condemn note" for every package of fish which he views unfavourably, and this is given to the salesman in the market, who forwards it to the consignors of the fish. June, July, August, and September are the busy months. The rest of the year the business at Billingsgate is comparatively light.

Some idea of the quantities of fish which are consigned to Billingsgate during a busy month in the summer may be gathered by figures supplied by the July schedule of last year.

The weight of fish delivered at and near Billingsgate for this month was 11,121 tons. The amount condemned was about seventy tons.

All the fish delivered at Billingsgate is "wet fish," which means uncured fish, and is also used in distinction to shellfish. It is brought to London both by land and by water, and much of it comes from great distances. Frozen salmon from Australia was an experiment, but it proved a failure, and has been abandoned. But lobsters are brought from Mull Island, on the west coast of Ireland, and quantities of herring come in the cooler months all the way from Norway.

The main source of supply is Dogger Head, the fishing grounds in the North Sea, 400 miles distant. No fishing boats come up the River Thames. Fifteen large boats are employed to carry the fish to the market from the fishing smacks, of which five are on the ground, five are coming and five are going throughout the summer months.

Now the question arises. What do they do with the enormous amount of "condemned" fish? Not a bit of it can be sold. How do they destroy it?

After the inspectors have made their tour of investigation the condemed fish is separated from the fresh, wholesome fish. The smell and clammy condition of cured fish "gives it away" as bad. The fresh fish is slit open with a knife, and if the inspectors find that there is no blood in it, it is rated "bad."

Then these bad fish are taken to a large barge, in which are eighteen galvanized iron tanks, each holding a ton of fish. The bad fish is put into these, and carbolic acid poured upon the condemned mass. This is really to destroy the fish by preserving it. Carbolic acid is not a *sauce piquante* for any fish, alive or dead, but it has the effect of turning decayed fish into an excellent fertilizer.

These barges, with the tanks of carbolicized fish, are towed down the river sixteen miles to Hempleman & Co.'s, at Rainham. The Fishmongers' Company pays the contractor £250 a year to remove the fish, and doesn't make a penny out of it.

The contractors put the fish into large cylinders, where it is dried. Then it is ground to dust and stored, and the demand for it as a fertilizer at £5 a ton is more than equal to the supply. It doesn't take a very extensive knowledge of arithmetic to see that the contractor comes out well ahead over this little transaction.

SOMETHING NEW AND STRANGE.

Under this heading we publish brief accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers [illegible] of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

A GUN which can be fired under water is a late invention, and one for the United States ship *Destroyer* is in course of construction at Bethlehem, Pa. The experimental gun is to be thirty-five feet long, and will throw a projectile twenty-five feet in length, containing four hundred pounds of nitro-glycerine, a thousand feet through the water.

MR. J. F. HITCHCOCK, of 27, Filmer Road, Fulham, sends us particulars of his patent bracket for use in fixing Venetian blinds. He claims that, by the use of this bracket, blinds can be at once taken down and re-fixed without the handling of tools. Anything that will save the laborious process of screwing and unscrewing is certainly worth a trial. The price of the brackets is ninepence a pair.

A NEW construction of letter-box has recently been patented, which is mainly intended to prevent the withdrawal of letters. A spiked roller is pivotted just below the opening, which allows anything to pass in one direction, but which, by a pawl and ratchet arrangement, cannot revolve in the reverse direction. A mica flap is also placed beneath it, which can be depressed by a letter, to allow it to pass, but will support a lighted match which might be inserted through intent to do injury.

THE United States Patent Office will exhibit at the Chicago Exhibition a comprehensive array of models to illustrate the wonderful progress of mechanical civilisation. One group of models will show the progress of the printer's art from Gutenberg's crude invention to the latest rotary perfecting and folding printing press, capable of turning out newspapers at the rate of many thousands per hour. Other groups will show the development of the steam-engine, sewing-machine, agricultural machinery, the application of electricity, and other branches.

THOSE fond of rowing may soon have the satisfaction of a pull or a race in their own houses, when unable to row outdoors. Mr. Bowman has devised an arrangement for indicating on a dial the relative speeds of two or more competitors working in an indoor rowing machine. The dial will also indicate the distance which would have been travelled in an ordinary boat with the same amount of pulling, and the rowing machines can all be accurately adjusted to give the same or any desired resistance to the rower. This apparatus can be seen at the World's Fair, Agricultural Hall.

A NOVEL method of blowing soap-bubbles has been devised by M. Munier, of 5, Rue Guilhem, Paris. A small and light rotary blower is provided with a multiplying-wheel and crank-handle. At the indraught of the blower a little spirit-lamp is fixed, so that the air may be heated as it enters. The orifice of the blower is enlarged to about the size of a tobacco-pipe bowl. By dipping this orifice into soap solution, and then turning the winch, it is easy to blow a bubble of hot air from twelve to fifteen inches in diameter. These bubbles rise eighty or a hundred feet in the air, and can be applied to many pretty experiments.

AN invention of the greatest importance relating to the locking of railway signals is now being tried on two of the most important railway systems, and is due to the ingenuity of Mr. Marks, of Wakefield, himself a signalman on the Lancaster and Yorkshire Railway. The apparatus is so arranged that it is impossible for a train to approach on either the "Up" or "Down" main line while any shunting into a siding is going forward, and should the signalman through absent-mindedness, attempt to open the main line, while shunting is going on, it is impossible for him to do so without being made forcibly aware of the mistake he is about to make. This is one of the most important railway inventions of late years.

HOUSEKEEPERS will be glad to obtain a new and very simple knife cleaner, which has recently been invented. It can be sold for a very few shillings, and is said to be as effective as the cumbrous and expensive cleaners ordinarily sold. It is fixed upon a small wooden base, and has a small receptacle at one end for powder, with two raised sides of a V form, in which the knife handles can rest, being held there by the left hand, and the right hand works the cleaner, which consists of two small boards provided with handles, and connected at one end by a regulating-screw. The boards have suitable cleaning surfaces on their inner sides, between which the blade of the knife rests. The screw is adjusted until, on grasping the handles, the two surfaces meet each other evenly. The cleaner is then moved up and down, rapidly polishing the knives. A cleaning-surface is also provided on the base-board for polishing the backs of the knives.

ONE of the wonders revealed by the microscope is that human hairs possess a marked individuality. Not long ago, a single hair—the evidence in a murder case—was shown Dr. Jeserich, with the request that he determine whether it was from the head of the supposed murderer, whose hair was of the same colour. After examination, the specialist decided that it was sufficiently unlike those of the suspected man to acquit him. The real murderer was subsequently captured, and his hairs were found to be identical in character with the one first examined.

MR. HARDY of 196, High Holborn, London, shows us an improved device for beating eggs. The receptacle for the eggs is in the form of a cylinder, closed at one end, having the bottom cone shaped. The beater consists of a rod, which is moved up and down by hand in the cylinder, and which has a conical end to fit the bottom of the cylinder and another cone situated further up. The lower cone is formed with large perforations and the upper with smaller, so that the egg is roughly divided first, and then more finely, mixing the different parts thoroughly. By this method the egg is also prevented from splashing over the edge of the receptacle.

A VERY important (if true) announcement is made by THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN—no less than that strychnine is a cure for snakebite. According to that journal, a Dr. Mueller, of Victoria, has successfully treated bites with this poison. A solution of nitrate of strychnine, in 240 parts of water, mixed with a little glycerine, is prepared, and twenty minims injected hypodermically at intervals of ten to twenty minutes, according to the virulence of the attack. In some cases a grain of strychnine has been given thus within a few hours. The first independent action of the drug is evinced by slight muscular spasms, and the injections must then be discontinued, unless after a time the snake poison reasserts itself. So long as the latter is active the strychnine can be applied in quantities which would be fatal in the absence of the virus. Out of the hundred patients treated this way, some of whom were at the point of death, there was only one failure.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY *wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent, let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope* PATENT. *The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.*

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

THE Empress of China is learning English.

MRS. GEORGINA WELDON is passionately fond of cats.

MRS. HODGSON BURNETT, the American authoress, has founded a Newspaper Boys' Home in London.

MISS PHILIPPA FAWCETT, the girl Senior Wrangler, is going to take up her permanent residence at Cambridge as a ladies' "coach."

THE Princess of Wales does not think that children ought to be allowed to read Shakespeare, and every sensible mother will agree with her.

GOUNOD, the composer, is a fine-looking old man with white hair. He is an erratic worker, and derives his best inspirations when he is in a church or a cathedral. The stained-glass windows, the dim religious light, and the soft tones of the organ, form a sort of stimulant to his genius. He has been known to sit in a church the whole day long.

PRINCESS MARY, DUCHESS OF TECK, is one of the busiest women in Great Britain. Last year she opened fifty bazaars, fêtes, and prize-givings, and attended thirty-five weddings. She is a mother of the old-fashioned sort, and does not allow her daughters to go and pay any visits alone. Every work the future Duchess of Clarence reads has been first perused by the Duchess; and modern novels were till quite lately tabooed her altogether.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL is not only the leading barrister of our time, he is also a valuable friend to his clients, for he always tries to dissuade them from going to law if their case can be arranged out of court. Although he has so much work to do, Sir Charles makes a point of always thoroughly mastering every detail of the case he brings into court, and he does not care to defend a prisoner unless he honestly believes him to be truly innocent. His great advantage over other counsel is his power of cross-examination. Speaking in a low, clear voice, he asks the most searching questions in an unimpressive manner, and often surprises answers out of witnesses. Sir Charles Russell is an Irishman by birth, a Home Ruler in politics, and a sportsman by inclination. He reads a great deal, but has always steadfastly refused to put pen to paper to oblige any editor. He has nine children, and when in town lives in Harley Street. His chambers are situated close to the Law Courts, plainly furnished, and full of busy clerks.

HENRY IRVING prefers, when it is possible, to do without a wig on the stage.

THE Empress of Russia is fond of smoking cigarettes. Her smoking-room is decorated in Eastern fashion.

LORD WOLSELEY has no objection in theory to soldiers being allowed to wear their beards. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the senseless custom of compulsory shaving in the army may be abolished before long.

M. BOUGUEREAU, late President of the French Royal Academy, sells his pictures for sums varying from £2,000 to £6,000. They are mostly bought by rich Americans. Although his style of painting is delicate and slight, he makes his pupils go in for robust work. Bouguereau is short and stout, with wavy white hair. He can say a few words of English, and likes teaching foreigners, because, he says, they take more trouble with their work than French students.

CANON FARRAR, the writer and preacher, lives in Dean's Yard, Westminster, close to the historic school. His tall, somewhat bowed figure is familiar to the crowd of boys whose football ground lies just opposite his windows. The Canon works all day, on and off, but takes his full share of the services in his church of Saint Margaret. He particularly enjoys officiating at weddings, and is a great believer in matrimony for both old and young. He enjoys writing boys' books more than any other kind of literary work, and ERIC is his own favourite among the books he has written.

MRS. WARD BEECHER, the widow of the great American preacher and abolitionist, is busily engaged in writing her own recollections of her husband. Ward Beecher became engaged to his future wife when he was only seventeen years of age. They were married over forty years, and during the whole of that time Mrs. Beecher went heart and soul into all her impulsive husband's undertakings. Mrs. Ward Beecher is a sweet-looking old lady with kind grey eyes and white hair. She tries as much as possible to keep on her husband's charitable works, and lives near her sister-in-law, Mrs. Beecher-Stowe, the authoress of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

GENERAL CHERNIKOFF, the engineer who is constructing the railway across the Crimea for the Russian Government, is a very interesting man. He is Muscovite by birth, but was educated at the Military College, St. Petersburg. When still quite a lad he helped to quell the Polish insurrection, and some years later followed the course of the Franco-German war with the Crown Prince of Prussia's staff. He is a believer in aërial warfare, and thinks that a navigable balloon will soon be discovered. In person Chernikoff is tall and very thin, with grey hair and moustache. He is a favourite of the Czarina, and is always asked to the small dances at Gatchina.

PROFESSOR HERKOMER, of Bushey, is one of the most extraordinary men in England. He has organised an art school on the Continental plan, and has a great following of young men and girl students to whom his word is law. Indeed, Bushey is a little kingdom, with Herkomer for its king. The laws by which he governs his subjects are severe. No married or engaged people are allowed to work in the schools, and should they enter either happy state they are bound in honour to declare it at once and take leave of their professor. No favouritism is shown by Mr. Herkomer, and students are only accepted by him if they can prove that their work is already above the average.

THE Duke of Norfolk, Premier Peer of Great Britain, is a small, sallow-faced man. He has, however, beautiful eyes, and possesses a very kind heart. It would be difficult to enumerate all the good the Duke does in the course of twelve months. A little more intellect would have made of him a second Earl of Shaftesbury. The Duke of Norfolk's principal residence is Arundel Castle, a splendid stone-girt building first mentioned in that ancient document, King Alfred's will! His only child, the Earl of Arundel, is ten years old, and, sad to say, a confirmed invalid. The Duke is a widower, and does not seem disposed to marry again. He was educated by the late Cardinal Newman, and it is said that he will end by becoming a priest.

IT has always been thought that to be a millionaire was to be a man of note. Not always it seems. How many people in Birmingham, for instance, ever knew of the existence of Mr. R. Hemming, of Redditch? And yet Mr. Hemming was a millionaire twice over. He was a Redditch needle-maker, and died about a month ago. Proof of his will discloses his personalty at £781,442. That, however, is but a drop in the bucket. He had treated his eldest daughter, the wife of Major Cheape, of Wellfield, Fifeshire, as if she were an eldest son, and the real estate, which he has bequeathed to her, is said to be worth a million and a half. Beside that, a considerable amount of real estate is divided between his other four daughters. We should say Mr. Hemming was one of the very richest men in the Midlands. And yet he was hardly known outside Redditch.

WORKERS AND THEIR WORK—No. XX.

MR. W. P. FRITH, R.A., AND AN ARTIST'S LIFE.

Mr. W. P. Frith may be said to be the most popular portrayer of English life and character of our own time. His studio is an interesting apartment. The matchlock and old English crossbow have figured in several of his pictures. A bust of Professor Owen peeps out from behind a row of property shoes. In the midst of half a dozen spare easels the visitor espies the croupier's rake, the gambling-table, chair, and the empty sovereign-case which proved so useful in the "Salon d'Or."

Preferring to be out of the fog and smoke of London he has made his home at Sydenham, the pretty suburb near the Crystal Palace. Although over seventy years of age, the veteran artist is still hale and hearty. Billiards and walking are his favourite forms of recreation, and he is an early riser, getting through much of his work before 11 a.m.

"You ask me what I think of art as a career for young people?" he says, meditatively. "The market is terribly overstocked and the general tone so much higher that it has become difficult for the young man or girl to make a mark, unless, indeed, exceptionally gifted. My advice is often asked by anxious parents, who produce specimens of their children's work, and place me in the really awful position of exercising a sort of destiny over the future position of their sons and daughters."

"Then, Mr. Frith, you think it is very difficult to judge from early artistic efforts?"

"Except in the rarest and most exceptional cases, judgment from early specimens is absolutely impossible. Consider the qualities of mind and body requisite for a really successful artistic career. Long and severe studies from antique statues, many months' hard work from the life, with attendance at lectures, and general reading, before painting can even be attempted, and when attempted the student may discover that he has no eye for colour.

"Many a student finds that he has all the language of art at his finger ends, but that he has nothing to say. Composition and arrangement of the colours and light and shadow necessary in a group of many figures cannot be taught. The whole thing is a matter of feeling and imagination. An artist must see his picture finished in his mind's eye before he begins it, or he will never be an artist at all."

"And would you advise a would-be artist to go abroad or stay at home to learn, Mr. Frith?"

"I should certainly tell him to stay at home. The teaching in our art schools is really admirable, and I think the art student who goes abroad to study only brings back with him tricks and mannerisms we could well do without. The French teach drawing admirably, but our young men and women do not go to Paris to learn drawing; besides, nothing could be better than some of the white and black work turned out by the Academy students."

"Then you approve of much study in black and white?"

"Certainly. Black and white is the foundation of pictorial art. If a picture does not look well with no colour, it will not look better with colour added; but the whole level of drawing has enormously improved during the last fifty years. I think that I may safely assert that a study which would have gained a medal in the year 1840, would not now obtain entrance in the Royal Academy."

And then Mr. Frith recalls some of his early successes and trials, and explains what a share real, downright hard work has had in realising his career.

William Powell Frith was born on the 9th of January, 1818, at a little Yorkshire village called Oldfield, but he was only seven years old when his father became the landlord of a large rambling inn, "The Dragon," at Harrogate. Tiny incidents often decide a lad's career. William Frith was eleven years of age when he did the deed which determined his future life. He was sitting, one evening, idly looking over some engravings, and he asked for pencil and paper to try and copy the engraving of a dog.

His parents were so pleased with the way in which he had done it, that they gave the boy sixpence, and from that moment considered him the genius of the family. This drawing Mr. Frith still possesses, and declares that anything worse or more hopeless it would be impossible to imagine; yet the future R.A. may be said to owe all his fame to that dog, for, on this slight indication of where his talents lay, his father allowed him to spend most of his youth in drawing, and finally sent him to a school of art established by Mr. Henry Sass, a man who thoroughly understood the principles of art, and so studiously instilled them that many of his pupils became painters of high reputation, amongst whom was Sir John Everet Millais, at that time a small, handsome boy, who was habitually dressed in a long blue coat confined at the waist by a black leather band.

Mr. Frith recalls with pleasure these early student days, and is fond of telling anecdotes illustrative of his old master's methods of teaching and passionate temper. One of his pupils—a light-headed, careless young fellow, who had annoyed the master by his conduct, received a reprimand in the following words addressed to the whole school:—

"Gentlemen, I was at the lecture at the Royal Academy last night, where I met Wilkie, and he said to me, 'Sass, you could teach a stone to draw,' and so I could, but I can't teach that C—— anything."

After two years' hard work at drawing, William Frith was admitted a student of the Royal Academy, and began painting in grim earnest. His first real success took place in 1841. The subject of the painting being taken from The Vicar of Wakefield. The picture was sold for 100 guineas, and the young artist nearly went mad with joy. This success acted as a spur to further exertion and he shortly tried his hand on Dickens' "Dolly Varden."

Both he and his mother had always been admirers of the great writer, and Mr. Frith declared that they both cried with joy when the young artist received a note signed "Faithfully yours always, Charles Dickens," asking him to paint two little companion pictures, "Dolly Varden" and "Kate Nickleby." Dickens gave him a cheque for £40 for the two pictures, and the "Dolly" was sold after the death of the author of Nicholas Nickleby for the sum of one thousand guineas.

But Mr. Frith was yet to find where his true vocation lay. In 1851, he spent his summer holiday at Ramsgate. Weary of costume painting, he had determined to try his hand on modern life, notwithstanding the drawbacks of unpicturesque dress. With this object in view he spent much of his time sketching on the sands, making elaborate studies of different groups, and then transferring them to a canvas which he had already styled in his mind "Ramsgate Sands."

Even during this preliminary portion of his work, Leech prophesied that the picture would be a great hit, but many of his friends predicted utter failure, and the poor young artist became very despondent. But he had no cause for despair. The Queen when going over the Royal Academy, the day before the private view, immediately spotted the picture, and was so delighted with it that she wanted to buy it and gave the artist a commission for a similar subject, but afterwards bought the picture from the original purchaser.

The now celebrated "Derby Day" was painted some three years later. In such a complicated affair models of every kind were wanted, for the picture was to be five or six feet long, and an enormous number of figures were to be crowded into it. Mr. Frith laid his children and friends largely under contribution. Among other people who consented to sit to him was the "Pretty Horsebreaker," Miss Gilbert. She is the lady in a riding habit standing in the left-hand corner of the picture. Mr. Tattersall procured him a very good jockey model, who, when the sittings were over, confided to Mr. Frith that he would rather ride the wildest horse that ever galloped than mount the studio steed any more.

After fifteen months' excessive labour "Derby Day" was finished, and sent into the Exhibition of 1858. Again the Queen singled out Mr. Frith's work for commendation. One of the younger princes, who happened to be with her cried out, "Oh, mamma, I never saw so many people together before!" "Nonsense," said the Queen; "you have often seen many more." "But not in a picture, mamma." The general public shared the opinion of the Royal Family. Never was such a crowd seen round a picture. A policeman had to be stationed there to keep the people off, and an iron rail was finally put round "Derby Day," to preserve it from the too eager attentions of those who crowded round.

The success of this picture determined Mr. Frith to paint the life about him, but then came the great difficulty of finding suitable subjects. Meanwhile, he devoted the greater part of the year following that occupied by "Derby Day" to painting a portrait of Charles Dickens, a picture which gained the universal approval of all the writer's family and friends. The autumn of 1860 was taken up by studies for the "Railway Station."

Few people who see a picture of that kind know the labour it costs the artist. Many chalk drawings of separate figures and groups, many changes of composition and incident, and the employment of a multitude of models takes place before the painter feels that he can commence the oil sketch. Every object, living or dead, in this great picture was painted from Nature. "The very police officers, taken as arresting a criminal on the eve of escape," said Mr. Frith, "were painted from two well-known detectives, Messrs. Haydon and Brett, who very kindly consented to sit to me." The "Railway Station" was exhibited by itself, and twenty-one thousand people paid for admission to see it in seven weeks.

When Mr. Frith was asked to paint the Prince of Wales's marriage, Landseer said to him, "Well, for all the money in this world and the next I would not undertake such a thing." However, the marriage ceremony saw Mr. Frith, in a smart court suit, seated in an excellent position, sketch-book in hand, and trying to fix the bird's-eye view of the Chapel Royal, Windsor, on his brain. Some few days after he presented a sketch of the scene to the Queen, who was exceedingly pleased with it.

But Mr. Frith's troubles had only just begun. Letters had to be written by the score, and although he lost not a moment in impressing on all who were present at the wedding that he must have their dresses to paint from, he was told that some were already cut up, and others either had been given away or otherwise disposed of as mementos of the event. One of the most picturesque and conspicuous personages at the Royal wedding had been Dhuleep Singh. He came to sit to Mr. Frith in his Eastern dress, covered with jewels, though the diamonds, being uncut, looked more like bits of dull glass than gems.

The Princess of Wales, with her usual good nature, consented to come to the artist's house, and afforded him every assistance in the way of sittings for his picture. Mr. Frith, however, is bound to declare that she made a very bad sitter; probably from being ignorant of the fact that it was necessary to keep her face in one position for some time, in order to enable the artist to get a good resemblance of it. The Duchess of Cambridge and her daughter, then Princess Mary, the latter arrayed in a gorgeous crinoline of lilac and silver, both came often to Mr. Frith's studio during this period, and there now hangs in the Duchess of Teck's boudoir, in White Lodge, a very pretty girlish head of the Princess of Wales, given to her by the artist as a memento of the Royal Wedding.

The Marriage Picture went to the Exhibition of 1865, and proved, from the nature of the subject, very attractive. The Queen has lent the picture, by the way, to the Victorian Exhibition, and it is now on view at the New Gallery.

It would be impossible to enumerate Mr. Frith's many pictures. A visit to Baden produced the "Salon d'Or," a gambling scene, which also made an enormous impression on the public. Later on came a series of pictures called the "Road to Ruin," in which, without any pretensions on the Hogarthian lines, Mr. Frith thought he could show some of the evils of gambling. The five pictures trace the career of a youth from his college days to his ruin and death. Mr. Frith is not only a painter, he has written his reminiscences in three volumes, a delightful book recounting with graphic and picturesque vividness the leading incidents of his life, avoiding withal anything partaking of the nature of unkind or personal gossip. His lately published life of Leech, the caricaturist, is a noble tribute to his dead friend. A delightful talker, Mr. Frith is in great request everywhere, but he seldom leaves the pretty homelike retreat where he and Mrs. Frith lead such a busy, useful life.

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Either a complete copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, *or this notice, must be upon the person of the deceased at the time of the accident. The blank line in the middle of this notice must contain the usual signature of the deceased, written either in ink or pencil. Death must occur within twenty-four hours of the accident, and application for payment of the Insurance Money must be made to the Proprietors of this Paper within seven days of its occurrence. This offer is not extended to Railway Servants on duty. The £1,000 will be paid by the* OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, *Mansion House Buildings, London, E.C., being provided for by a monthly premium paid to the Corporation by* PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

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Available until midnight, January 18th, 1892.

THE MOST USED ARTICLE IN THE WORLD.

Few people who use half a box of matches a day are disposed to think much on the subject of their origin, and rest content with the fact that they exist. Fifty years have scarcely passed since the most elementary match, in its present form, was invented. In Britain, in 1832, matches had not reached their present shape, but only the state of lucifers.

The modern generation has lost sight of these gradual evolutions, and they are only known to those who are survivors of those benighted and unenlightened days. In the time of Fox and Burke, and up to the beginning of the present century, the flint and steel and tinder stage had not been passed, though it is probable that Dr. Johnson and others were more skilful than we moderns are at this perplexing operation.

About the beginning of the century, matters began to improve, and long brimstone matches came into use to supply the place of the tinder. These were pieces of wood about six inches long, tipped with sulphur, and caught fire easily from the spark of the flint. It would be difficult to obtain a specimen of them nowadays. No museum seems to interest itself in preserving those little social curiosities; and it is only some fifty years hence that they will be looked upon as such, and sought after for some technical exhibition.

It was not, however, until 1825 that matters began to improve, when an elaborate apparatus called the "Eupyrion" came into use. This consisted of an open bottle containing sulphuric acid, soaked in fibrous asbestos, and the matches, which were about two inches long and sold at 1s. a box, were tipped with a chemical combination, of which chlorate of potash was the principal ingredient.

On putting the match into the bottle and rapidly withdrawing it a flame was produced, but as the acid was inconvenient and the matches liable to be spoiled by damp, the "Eupyrion," being shown not to be the fittest, did not survive.

Many inventions, more ingenious than useful, were tried; the pyrophorus, the pneumatic tinder box, and the hydrogen lamp of Dobereiner; but it was not till 1832 that the first sign of a friction match was evolved, and was called a lucifer by that joking generation. Lucifers were substantially the present match pulled through a piece of sand-paper.

The remembrance of such a contrivance is calculated to make us think less than we do of that dull time. But the century was awakening up, and the congreve, which is the match of to-day, soon followed the Reform Bill.

Whether the congreve was called after the rocket of that name is a doubtful point. There is a story of its inventor which shows, if true, the value of attention on the part of schoolboys.

The real inventor, it is said—a village schoolmaster—explained it to his boys at school, and one more intelligent than the rest talked of it to his still more intelligent father, who was a chemist, and turned it to material advantage.

Be that as it may, this was the same as the match of to-day, and it has since undergone few improvements, except one, changing it from a silent to a noisy match. The silent match, which is affected by burglars, and is a necessary accompaniment to list slippers, consists in the omission of chlorate of potash in the composition which tips it, and which is the cause of the crackling noise which is liable to awaken the intended victim. The last invention was the safety match, which was patented by Bryant & May in 1856.

It would require the intellect of a Babbage to wrestle with the statistics of matches. That 60,000,000 are burned every day in Europe seems below the mark. Such firms as Messrs. Dixon, at Manchester, turn out 9,000,000 a day, and many in London 2,000,000 or 3,000,000. The consumption of phosphorus for the purpose in England and France shows that about 250,000,000,000 a year are turned out in these two countries alone.

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FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

We undertake to pay ONE HUNDRED POUNDS *to whomsoever the Proprietors of* PEARSON'S WEEKLY *may decide to be the next of kin of any football player who meets with his death by an accident while actually playing football. The only condition is that the player in question must be the possessor at the time of the accident of a copy of the current number of* PEARSON'S WEEKLY, *which must bear his usual signature in ink on the line left blank at the foot of this notice. The copy need not be upon the person at the time of the accident. Notice of accident must be given within three days, and death must have occurred within twenty-four hours of the accident.*

*Signed*_____

Available till midnight, January 18th, 1892.

OVER THE FALLS.

The Rockomekos were a warlike tribe of Indians inhabiting a portion of the Androscoggin valley, in what is now known as Canton, Maine, U.S.A. The white settlers of the region, both up and down the river, were kept in a state of constant anxiety and terror by marauding parties from this tribe. Cattle were stolen, log-cabins burned, and the lives of the settlers often threatened by the Rockomekos.

One day in the autumn of 1688, the settlers at Brunswick were thrown into a condition of wild alarm by the report, brought by an old hunter, that the Rockomekos were coming down the river to attack them. They made what preparations for resistance they could. The strongest house in the settlement was used as a block-house, and to this place arms and ammunition were brought.

Watchmen were stationed beside the river to sound the alarm when the Rockomekos were seen. The excitement extended not only to the Brunswick settlement; all the pioneers along the river feared an attack.

Their fears were not ill-founded. The Rockomekos, the whole tribe—men, women, and children—had started down the Androscoggin in their canoes.

Late one afternoon, about this time, two young men, Joe and Ben Smith, out on a week's hunt, were returning to their camp, when they came upon two Rockomeko braves, hastening along the river bank through the woods.

"Them fellers mean mischief," Ben remarked to his brother. "Let's keep 'em in sight for a bit."

The young man had heard nothing of the meditated attack on the Brunswick settlement, but they had sufficient acquaintance with Indian character to regard these two braves with suspicion. Ben, who spoke to the Indians, questioned them as to their destination and designs, but to all inquiries the Rockomekos returned evasive answers.

According to the custom of the times, Joe and Ben had a liberal supply of rum at their camp, and each carried a bottle in his pocket. Knowing that the "fire-water" would loosen the Indians' tongues, the young men invited them to drink, an invitation rarely refused by a red man.

Under the influence of the ardent spirit, their tongues became loosened, and they told the young men all they wished to learn. The whole tribe was on the way down the river in canoes, and the two Indians had been sent on to build fires above the Pejepscot Falls, to show their friends where to land and camp for the night.

Ben and Joe, as soon as the Indians were stupefied, proceeded down the river *below* the Falls. There they built two huge fires on a knoll, where the Indians, descending in the canoes, could see them, and then waited and listened. The night was dark and cloudy, and without a thought of danger the hapless wretches in the canoes paddled down the river towards the blazing fires.

Suddenly, above the roar of the Falls, rose shrieks and cries of distress. The Indians knew their danger; but too late! The canoes were drawn in by the quick waters, and carried over the Falls. Not one redskin came out alive. Such was the destruction of the Rockomekos, which caused great rejoicing among the white settlers of the Androscoggin Valley.

Principal: "Before you sit down to write that letter, Jacob, go and wash your hands, else there will be extra postage to pay."

"Bridget," said a young housekeeper, who was somewhat fresh from school, "it would be useless for me to disguise the fact that your ignorance of grammar is very marked. Let me try to correct you. For instance; does it sound right for me to say, 'Bridget, you've been a-settin' in the drawin'-room?'"

"No, ma'am," said Bridget, frankly, but with evident surprise; "no, ma'am, it don't sound right, but I were only a-settin' there the mather of a half hour or so wid my cousin Terrence, who is just over. I s'pose the housemaid has been a tattling!"

Fussy Man (hurrying into newspaper office): "I've lost my spectacles somewhere, and I want to advertise for them, but I can't see to write without them, you know."

Advertising Clerk (likely to be business manager some day): "I will write the ad. for you, sir. Any marks on them?"

Fussy Man: "Yes. Gold-rimmed, lenses different focus, and letters 'L. Q. C.' on outside. Insert it three times."

Advertising Clerk: "Yes, sir. Four-and-sixpence, please."

Fussy Man: "Here it is."

Advertising Clerk: "Thanks. It gives me, sir, great pleasure—very great pleasure—to inform you, sir, that your spectacles are on the top of your head."

Fussy Man: "My stars! So they are. Why didn't you say so before?"

Advertising Clerk: "Business before pleasure, you know, sir."

HOW CHILIANS LIVE.

The stranger to Chili is apt to imagine that the people are a semi-barbarous nation, wretchedly clad, if clad at all, with little refinement, and less education, superstitious, cruel, and bloodthirsty.

When first arrived there—astonished by the magnificence of "Los Ricos" (the wealthy class, who, though numerically few, yet rule both Church and State), their splendid casas and numerous schools and places of amusement, their costly living, the stylish dresses, and dazzling display of jewels, and their graceful and generous hospitality—he jumps at the conclusion that his previous impressions were absurdly and entirely erroneous.

But as time goes on, and he learns how the "common people," who make up the bulk of the population, live and move and have their being, he reluctantly comes back to his first opinion as concerning a large majority of the Chilians.

Certain natural characteristics may be clearly traced through all classes of society—such as the quick, sensational, and emotional nature, which makes the Chilian soldier a terrible foe; the Chilian citizen ready to lay down his life at any moment for a point of honour or the cherished institutions of his beloved country; the Chilian lady or gentleman a most generous and devoted friend; the Chilian lover, male or female, ardent to an extravagant degree hardly conceivable by an Anglo-Saxon mind, and inclined to jealousy as sparks fly upwards.

In Chili the typical Rico, or rich man, young or old, dresses every day in figurative purple and fine linen. For him there is no "second-best" attire in the way of a rough-and-ready morning costume, or business suit, for he has no need of these, being like the lilies, in that he toils not, neither does he spin.

His clothes are always fine, dainty, and fashionable as an artist tailor can "create" them; his polished hair, carefully parted in the middle, or trained to stand up *à la* Pompadour; his immaculate shirt cuffs, with conspicuously-jewelled buttons, extending towards his knuckles just so far by a hair's-breadth; his very small, sharp-toed, high-heeled shoes, reflecting his beauty as in twin mirrors; his monogram-embroidered handkerchief, delicately scented; while to complete his toilet a handsome diamond ring and a scarf-pin are no less essential than shirt or trousers.

He has been taught deportment from his cradle, and mastered that science to perfection at an early age. As often as he meets you, be it a dozen times a day, he holds his slender cane daintily in one well-gloved hand, while tipping his faultless tile with the other, bows gracefully and low, and shakes you by the hand, with never the slightest perceptible variation in the depth of the obeisance or the warmth of the shake, unless you happen to be a man and an intimate friend, in which case he may embrace and kiss you.

If, being only a casual acquaintance, you call upon him on an errand of business or pleasure, he will hasten to inform you that everything he possesses is unreservedly yours—his house, himself, his family, his servants, are all *su disposicion de usted*—"at your disposal." His wife, who is generally beautiful, and always well-dressed, will smile on you benignly through a drift of face-powder with a touch of rouge on either side of the nose, and assure you, in soft-vowelled Spanish, of the pleasure she feels in thus forming your acquaintance, and make you believe it, too, which is the best part of it.

Fellow-foreigners tell us that all this tropical courtesy means little, and is only "skin deep." But who cares to go deeper? It is delightful, all the same, and quite enough to outlast the occasion. Chilians never enter or leave a coach, railway carriage, or other public vehicle without bowing to all its occupants. No lady or gentleman to the manner born ever sat down to or arose from a table in Chili, either public or private, without an inclination of the head to all present. So in shopping they bow to the merchant or his salesman on entering or leaving a shop. That sort of thing, it seems to me, is much more human between fellow-travellers on life's short journey than our don't-care-for-anybody way.

In the streets, however, the average Chilian might learn some good behaviour from us. Here gentlemen consider it proper tribute to female beauty to stare into the lady's face as long as she remains in the range of vision, whether she appears to like it or not; and in passing, though she be an entire stranger, to address her some complimentary remark, such as "*Beso sus manos, Senorita;*" "I kiss your hands, miss."

When a group of gentlemen are conversing on the narrow pavement, and a lady approaches, they seldom think of making way for her, or, at most, will move nearer the wall, leaving her the kerbstone; and I have often seen ladies compelled to step down into the gutter in order to pass round them. The excuse of these gentlemen is that they are not yet accustomed to female emancipation. Their real ladies are seldom seen alone upon the public streets, and Chilian ideas of caste forbid them to show much deference towards "common people."

In Chili no place is sacred from the fumes of tobacco, except perhaps, the church. Gentlemen are always smoking, whether walking or riding, with or without ladies. They do it in the parlour, the ball-room, and at the table.

FACTS.

AMERICAN railways employ nearly 2,000,000 men.

IN all Spain there are only 3,231 children in the Sunday-schools.

SINCE the Zulu War of 1880 British standards have not been taken into the field.

THE cormorant is still occasionally used for fishing in preserved waters in England. The bird generally wears a light collar, to prevent it from swallowing the fish.

THE Catholic population is increasing more rapidly than that of other religions. According to the latest official returns, the increase since the last census but one has been twenty per cent., for the Evangelists, twenty-three per cent. for the Jews, and as high as thirty-six for the Catholics.

WATER SUPPLY.—An abundant water supply and a lavish consumption of water are features common to all the chief cities of the American Republic. The daily average consumption per head is 91 gallons in cities of over 100,000 inhabitants, and 83 gallons in the small towns. It varies from 31 gallons in New Orleans to 196 in Buffalo. The averages for London, Liverpool, Paris, Edinburgh, and Glasgow are said respectively to be 28·3, 30, 31, 35, and 50 imperial gallons, 83 of which are equal to 100 American gallons.

THE TALLEST GERMAN SOLDIER.—Until quite lately Captain Plüskow, of the First Regiment of Guards, had been considered the tallest man in the German army. He measured over eighty inches in height. But a short time since a young Rhinelander joined the First Regiment of Foot Guards as a "one-year volunteer," who attained the colossal height of over seven feet four and a half inches. Since 1850 the First Regiment of Guards had not had so tall a man. At that time they had a man who was so tall that everything, even to his bedstead, had to be made especially for him. His accoutrements are preserved still among the curios of the regiment. He died of consumption during his term of service.

TRAMWAY HORSES.—A two-horse tramway-car weighs two and three-quarter tons when empty, and double this when full, which is a good weight for horses in daily work, particularly when it is remembered that a gradient of 1 in 100 doubles it, while that although the tractive force is about a hundredth of the load on the level, yet four or five times the pull is needed to start a car as will keep it going, and a car averages five hundred starts a day. The average working life of a London omnibus horse is five years; that of a tram horse is only four. He is the same sort of horse, he comes to work at the same age, he costs about the same, and he works the same hours; but so much greater is his effort that it costs a shilling a week more to feed him, and he is worked out in four-fifths of the time.

A CIGARETTE CHAMPION.—Though cigarette smoking is forbidden by law in certain parts of the United States, there are other parts of that great continent where it is still considered an accomplishment. It seems, indeed, that there is a champion cigarette smoker. His name is Samuel Kalinsky; he can consume thirty-two cigarettes in sixty minutes; and he has issued a challenge to anyone in America to beat that truly prodigious record. With what response the challenge has met we are not informed. In the interest of the anti-tobacconists, however, it is to be hoped that it will be widely taken up. The man who once smoked cigarettes for an hour against time would probably find his tongue in such a state at the expiration of the period that he would forswear cigarettes for evermore, and vote in favour of any measure of prohibitive legislation upon the subject which the anti-tobacconist party might propose.

THE SECRET OF THE COCOANUT'S SUCCESS.—By a wise provision of Nature the cocoanut has been furnished with a thick, tough covering of fibre, remarkably adapted to preserve the seed from injury whilst the nut is tossed about by the wave and currents until it reaches some shore far distant from that on which it grew. It is by this protection that the species has been so widely distributed throughout the tropical islands of the South Seas and Pacific Ocean, as it thrives more naturally near the sea and in a sandy soil. Cocoanut trees are among the first fruit plants which spring up on a coral island as soon as it raises its surface above the sea. After having been tossed about for many days and immersed in salt water, its fertility is still preserved, all owing to its protective, husky covering. As an article of industrial use, the fibrous covering of the cocoanut is much in demand, under the term of coir, for making ropes, mats, etc. Coir is now well known to be one of the best materials for cables, on account of its elasticity and strength. They are made in large quantities in the Lacadive Islands, entirely by hand, and chiefly by women, without the aid of machinery of any kind. Cocoanut husks are now also imported by Britain for the manufacture of mats—known as coir and cocoanut fibre mats—which give employment to the inmates of our prisons and industrial and ragged schools.

AT the time of birth the octopus is not larger than a common flea.

FORTY thousand Russian, and an equal number of foreign, Jews have left Russia since the beginning of the persecution.

PEOPLE in Japan are called by the family name first, the individual, or what we should call Christian name, next, and then the honorific—thus, "Smith Peter Mr."

LARGE heads do not always indicate intellect. Professor Virchow, the German scientist, points out that the Greeks, one of the most intellectual of nations, are also one of the smallest headed of races.

MRS. FAWCETT, speaking at Birmingham in favour of the claim for woman suffrage, stated that not only were there 38,000 female landowners in England and Wales, but 20,000 women were actually engaged in farming on their own account.

IF the number of persons daily entering the City of London were despatched from any given station by train, as many as 1,977 trains, each conveying 600 persons, would be required for the purpose. If the trains were all joined together in a continuous line they would extend 221 miles.

A CURIOUS fact, known to the legal advisers of the General Post Office, is that more robberies of letters take place in August than during any other month of the twelve, this being attributed to the fact that it is the holiday season, when a much greater amount of money than usual is transmitted by letter.

A BALLOON-BICYCLE.—A balloon-bicycle, or bicycle-balloon, it is difficult to know which to call it, has been invented, or, at least, is said to have been invented, by a German resident in San Francisco. According to the REVUE SCIENTIFIQUE, the new machine can be driven against the wind, and that appears to be all that is so far known about it. If it should come into general use the police will have reason to be thankful to its inventor. There can be no objection to "road racing," we should imagine, if it is conducted at an altitude of 2,000 feet.

A HOTBED OF GAMBLING.—Gambling in Australia is becoming so serious an evil that something will have to be done to reduce its magnitude. Some sensational statements were made by a deputation that recently asked Sir Henry Parkes to suppress the Chinese gambling dens of Sydney. It was alleged that these places were nightly frequented by bank clerks, civil servants, and others holding good social positions. One Chinese proprietor had admitted that he sent £20,000 annually to China in the shape of gambling profits. Furthermore, it was stated that the Chinese proprietors had a regularly organised "sustentation fund" for the benefit of the police, who gave them timely notice when a raid was in contemplation by the authorities. The Premier admitted the magnitude of the evil, promised special legislation, and said he would make rigid enquiry into the alleged complicity of the police.

AN ANCIENT TRADITION.—One of the most ancient of all traditions is that which is known as "St. Peter's Lake." It is a version of a yet older Scandinavian mathematical problem, which is to be found in most old Scandinavian Runic almanacks, or time measurements, and dates from a period prior to Christianity. The tradition has been turned to good account by the old monks. The story goes that St. Peter and a party of early Christians were on a voyage to some new mission station, when they were overtaken by a severe storm, and it was found necessary to lighten the ship by throwing overboard half of the passengers. It was, therefore, determined that every ninth man should be thrown out. There were thirty passengers in all, fifteen Christians and fifteen Jews; and it is said that St. Peter was inspired to so place his fellow Christians that the count of ninth man always fell upon a Jew, he and the other fourteen Christians being consequently saved. The following is the Runic calculation as it stands, and by striking out every ninth figure, the fifteen crosses, which represent the Christians, will be left:—

XXXXIIIIIXXIXXXIXIIXXIIIXIIXXI.

HONOURS IN CHINA.—With us, when a man gains a peerage or a baronetcy, the rank is hereditary, and descends from father to son. But they "order these things differently" in China. There, honours and dignities ascend instead of descending. If, for instance, Fo-chi distinguishes himself, it is his father, Fo-chum, who is ennobled, and Fo-chi can only hope to be ennobled through the exertions of his son, Fo-choo. This curious custom produces one very beneficial and one very grotesque effect. On the one hand, it tends to make the wealthier Chinese extremely careful to give their children such a training as may conduce to their winning these posthumous honours for their fathers. On the other, it sometimes results in a Chinaman's changing his residence more frequently after his death than when he was alive. As he rises in rank, he must be reinterred in a stately grave and with added pomp and ceremony. Hence, in the Celestial Empire a removal is an every-day sight—our common phrase, man's "last home," would be ridiculous—and all the undertakers are laudably desirous that every father's son should distinguish himself as much as possible.

PARSLEY is poisonous to many kinds of birds.

England has but one judge to every 800,000 of her population. The colony of Victoria has one to every 200,000. Good England, wicked Victoria—or what?

WHEREAS some little time back it required four or five pounds of coal per indicated horse-power to propel a ship at a speed of twelve miles an hour, the most improved steamers can now steam at the rate of twenty miles an hour with a consumption of not more than a pound and a half of coal per indicated horse-power.

LARGEST PRINTING MACHINE IN BRITAIN.—The proprietors of THE DUNDEE COURIER and THE DUNDEE WEEKLY NEWS have contracted with Messrs. R. Hoe & Co., London, for the building of a quadruple rotary press, which will be the first of the kind in Europe, and the largest printing machine in Great Britain. It will be capable of printing, folding, and counting 50,000 eight-page papers per hour.

FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD CLASS.—The curious difference in the travelling habits of the three countries may be illustrated by saying that in England and Wales, out of every hundred passengers by rail, three travel first-class, eight travel second-class, and eighty-nine third-class; in Ireland, six out of every hundred who use the railways are first-class, twenty are second-class, and seventy-four third-class passengers; while in Scotland, for every six who patronise first-class carriages, and for every single second-class traveller, there are ninety-three third-class passengers.

TWELVE HUNDRED GRANDCHILDREN.—In 1805 there died near Athenry, after a short illness, aged 117 years, Denis Koorobee, of Ballindangan, who was known as the "oldest man in Ireland." He retained the use of his faculties to the last, and until two days prior to his death had never any sickness, toothache excepted. About three weeks before his death he walked to Galway and back on the same day, a distance of twenty-five miles, and to the last he could read the smallest print without glasses. He had been married seven times, and when married to his last wife had long passed his grand climacteric, being then ninety-three years. By his different wives he had a progeny of forty-eight children, 236 grandchildren, 944 great grandchildren, the oldest of whom was, at the time of the old man's death, four years, and his youngest son by his last wife about eighteen years of age.

STRANGE FACTS ABOUT ACCIDENTS.—Accidents, like many other happenings in life, never occur just as we fancy they may; thus, while guarding against one danger we may be crushed by another. For instance, it is a curious fact that a man is much more likely to lose his left hand than his right hand, or his left eye than his right eye; statistics show, too, that when a man insures himself against accidents he thereby greatly diminishes the risk of accident, and this is probably explained in this way. When a man's attention is called to a danger he fixes his mind on it, and thereby, consciously or unconsciously, makes unusual effort to avert it. It therefore happens that a man is more likely to be a victim of an accident of a kind that he never thought of than of the kind against which he insures himself. A man, for instance, who handles sharp tools will insure himself against an accident from the use of them, and the first thing he knows, he will be drawing pay from an insurance company for an injury done by getting a cinder in his eye.

RESULT OF MISSING WORD COMPETITION No. 4.

HERE is the Chartered Accountants' statement with regard to the word which was omitted from the verses entitled THE PEDAGOGUE'S WOOING that appeared on page 378 of issue for week ending January 2nd.

"We certify that the sealed envelope handed to us by *Pearson's Weekly* in connection with this competition has been opened and contained the word *sad*."

Slade Leins & Slade
Chartered Accountants
Wardrobe Chambers,
Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Here is the verse in full:—

The pedagogue among his pupils had
A maiden fair.
He loved her; who would not? Her eyes were soft,
And turned to his with saucy glance full oft;
And when his tiresome Latin put her out
Her pretty lips were all too prone to pout;
He longed to kiss them—love had made him *sad*—
But did not dare.

405 readers entered, 67 of whom sent the word *sad*, which means that the £20 5s. to be divided yields 6s. apiece with 3s. over.

FICTION.

MY FOUNTAIN PEN.—Permit me to say "The die is cast." I do not know what the die is, nor where it was cast, but cast it certainly is. I am a reformed man.

For many years I have wasted my substance in sixteen fountain pens. As oft as I heard of a new fountain pen, just invented, I bought it. I kept it and used it, or, at least, tried to, until I fell from grace. Then, uttering maledictions too wicked for print upon the head of the inventor, I sought out one of my bitterest living enemies, and affecting a desire to bury the Thomas Hawk, presented him with a fountain pen, scarcely used and good as new. This course of diplomacy I pursued until my name became a terror to my foes, and no man, once he quarrelled with me, dared consent to a reconciliation—no, not even to a truce.

And yet I was not always thus—a bitter-hearted misanthrope, hating my fellow men, and going round with a fountain pen on my shoulder trying to pick fights with men whom I knew I could lick with one eye tied behind me. My early life ran quiet as a mill-stream. I was young, tolerably young—tolerably young for me, that is—when in an evil hour I tampered with the deadly fountain pen.

I did a great deal of writing in the train at that time. I used to get fearfully tired of the pencil. I tried pen and ink, but after paying for a plush cushion, and carrying a lapful of black ink on a pair of grey trousers for nearly seventy miles, I abandoned the habit, without assigning any reason therefor.

One day a stationer, who had grown rich, and thereby calloused his conscience, said to me:

"What you want is a good fountain pen."

I resisted for a while, but he finally persuaded me to try one for seven-and-sixpence. I faltered, I listened to the tempter, I yielded. When I went home that night, I carried into its brightness a shadow that had never before marred its pure serenity.

I kept my guilty secret until after supper, and then, by a cleverly-contrived accident that would have deceived any man of my acquaintance but which my wife and sister both saw at once had been carefully rehearsed, I spilled the only bottle of ink in the house. Wails of distress filled the air.

"Oh, never mind," I said, grandly. "I don't need it."

"Well," they said, "it isn't needed on the carpet either."

I hadn't thought of that, and it retarded my plans a little, for it was nearly half an hour before the excitement died down sufficiently to justify me in ringing up the curtain on the great fountain-pen act. I sat down to the table, and said:—

"I have a whole shoal of letters to get off to-night."

Someone—I think it was my sister—said, without lifting her eyes from her book, that I would find the alphabet in the spelling-book, and thus get them all off at once.

I always scorn to answer irrelevant remarks, and went on to say that the loss of that ink would have proved a great calamity under the circumstances to a man less fertile in expedients than myself.

Then somebody said that a man less prolific in thumbs wouldn't have spilled the ink. I looked hurt at this, which made my audience laugh. I have often been pained at the cold heartlessness of women when a man is trying to pity himself. But, at any rate, I had secured their attention. So, with much ostentation, I adjusted the fountain pen, hung my tongue out to make gestures with, and began to write.

I told the girls what it was, explained how it would run a week without filling, while I would gain twenty minutes every hour by not having to reach for the ink-stand at every line. Then I made a faint scratch on the paper with the new pen. I kept on scratching, while the girls looked on with now really awakened interest. By and by I wore a hole in the paper, and never a stain of ink was anywhere visible.

"That's the nicest, cleanest pen," my sister said, "I ever saw. If you would only use a fountain pen all the time I think we might venture to buy new carpets in the other rooms."

It always makes my blood run cold to hear quiet sarcasm from a woman's lips. It is chilling enough when it falls from the lips of an avowed infidel or an open idolator; but from a woman it is terrible. But I only said the room was so stuffy and warm the pen had got clogged. It was delicate as a thermometer, I said, and wasn't intended for use in a Turkish bath. I would remove the cap at the top, thus, and clear the ducts by blowing into it thus.

Which I did, and blew two very slender, but quite powerful jets of ink up into my face, on both sides of my nose. I never saw my family so completely overcome. At first I thought their shrieks were caused by fright, and that they were in agonies of distress on my account. But when I rubbed my smarting eyes clear of ink, and began to reassure them, I saw they were in paroxysms of mirth while I was stricken with blindness that might eventually destroy my sight.

I assumed that patient, grieved, innocent, suffering look which my friends have told me would make my fortune on the stage. Then I thought my family would die. They begged me, with sweeping [illegible] and broken voices, to get angry and break [illegible] I wanted to, but not to look like that until I had washed my face. There are circumstances under which pathos, however effective at the right time, is extremely trying to sensitive natures.

After we got things subdued a bit, I read the instructions, and they told me to jar the pen slightly on the desk. I did so a few times, and again drew some nice clean scratches on the paper. I humbugged about with the thing until about half-past nine o'clock, when suddenly, without any warning, it began to give ink like a prize Jersey cow.

I said, "There, that was what it wanted," but I had no time to explain what "that" was. I was too busy trying to think of something to write in order to keep up with the deluge. For the life of me I couldn't think of anything but Newcastle-on-Tyne. Then I struck on "Dear Sir," and I wrote half a dozen lines of it, fast as I could. It was terrible. There we were racing along, that demon pen booming away like a geyser, my nervous hand scrawling line after line of "Dear Sirs" after it, and my excited tongue coming along a bad third, but still fighting for a place.

Horror crowned the inhuman spectacle when the paper gave out and the pen, spitefully spluttering a tablespoonful of ink on the table-cover, sullenly dried up, and didn't shed another tear for nearly two weeks, although I did everything in the way of persuasion and compulsion, except blow into it. I have blown into a great many things since then, but never into a fountain pen.

The next evening the girls asked if I was going to write some more with the new pen. I replied, with somewhat formal and dignified asperity, that I was. They said they were glad of it—that I was doing so much desk-work that I needed exercise. They then left the room.

Presently they returned with their waterproofs on. They drew the hoods over their heads, raised their umbrellas, and, opening their books, began to read. This was annoying. There are times when the wisest words of man's wisdom are folly. But nothing happened that night—that is, nothing that my friends would like to see in print. The pen was as clean as a candidate's record written by himself.

A SAD STORY.

AMONG a savage clan
  Of cannibalish people,
A missionary man
  Set up his modest steeple.

And there each day he would
  Pursue his noble labours,
He told them to be good,
  And bade them love their neighbours.

The cannibals, with grins,
  Gave ear to themes he treated,
They crossed their tawny shins,
  And on their hams were seated.

And yet they were not lost,
  That missionary's labours,
He taught them to his cost
  The way to love their neighbours.

For one day, when for prayers
  Those cannibals did meet him,
They caught him unawares—
  They killed him and they ate him!

They said they found him good—
  He'd practised what he'd taught them—
And now they understood
  The goodness he had brought them.

And when they filled each maw,
  They said, while they deplored him,
"They loved him—live and raw—
  But roasted, they adored him!"

AN ignorant Irishman, seeing several persons reading with spectacles, went to buy a pair to enable him to read. He tried several pairs without success, and at last informed the dealer that they would not answer as he could not read with them.

"Can you read at all?" inquired the dealer.

"Can I read?" said Pat, "an' if I could, do you suppose I'd be such a fool as to buy spectacles!"

TWENTY years ago the energetic Professor Schwarz was conducting a musical society. They were studying Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and had reached the chorus, "Hear us, Baal; hear, mighty god."

The men's voices were booming out sonorously, when the conductor cried out; "No! No! de dreadful vowel! Don't say B-a-l-e, soften a leetle—give de more musical sound, Bal—"

Whereupon the chorus took up the strain again: "Hear us Bawl—hear us Bawl," but they quickly realised the peculiar fitness of the sentiment, and broke down in laughter, to the great amazement of the little German, who never saw the joke, but who returned reluctantly to the old pronunciation.

RESULT OF 500 CHRISTMAS PRIZES.

AN error, which would be funny, were it not so annoying, happened last week. Our flame-coloured contents bills informed an expectant public that the paper contained the result of the five hundred prizes offered in connection with our Extra Christmas Number.

It did not. And why not?

Simply because, to suit the convenience of our printers, who are making changes in their machinery, we last week gave them the copy for the contents bill for that issue and the succeeding one, in order that both might be printed off. This was done; but, by some extraordinary blunder, *the wrong lot of bills was sent out.*

As is usual in such cases, the error was not discovered until it was too late to remedy it.

This week we *do* announce the result of the 500 Prizes.

They were offered, under conditions similar to those which govern our Pencil-case Competitions, to the readers who filled in accurately the word omitted in the following sentence, which appeared in the story entitled TWO LIVES:—

"In 1880," he said, "my father, who was a banker, took my sister Louise, now Mrs. Wilson, to Europe, and at Carlsbad they met you."

The word was *retired*. The majority of competitors filled it in as "wealthy," but it should have been plain that an American banker who could spend so long a time travelling in Europe must have ceased to actively superintend his business.

Here are the names of the hundred fortunate persons who won half-sovereigns. Readers will, we believe, agree with us that to print as well the names and addresses of the *hundred winners of pipes, the hundred winners of purses, the hundred winners of cases of cigars, and the hundred winners of boxes of soap,* would occupy an altogether unjustifiable amount of space. They would take four times the space occupied by the following list, which is printed in the smallest type we use. Prize winners will be notified of their success, and will be sent, carriage paid, the prizes they have won:—

LADIES.

Miss Bonner, Kingswood, Nelson Road, Hereford; Mrs. Upton, 175, Clarence Road, London, N.W.; Miss [illegible], 9, Hawthorn Bank, [illegible] Street, Whitefield, near Manchester; Miss Jessie G. Campbell, 57, Cleveland Road, Sunderland; Mrs. M. Haycroft, 14, Connaught Road, Hove, Brighton; Miss E. Newman, [illegible], Rowell Street, Limehouse, E.; Miss [illegible], [illegible], Lady Margaret Road, Tufnell Park, N.; Mrs. Parker, [illegible], [illegible] Road, Bermondsey, S.E.; Miss Daisy Clayton, 14, [illegible] Road, Hammersmith; Mrs. A. M. Reynolds, 162, Earls Court Road, W.; Miss L. [illegible], 1, [illegible] Street, Walton-on-the-Hill, Liverpool; Miss [illegible], 6, Middle Dover Street, Walcot, Bath; Mrs. E. P. Bostard, The Elm, Northop, R.S.O., Flintshire; Mrs. N. Dunster, H.M.S. [illegible], Dartmouth; Mrs. J. H. Walton, 6, [illegible] Road, Newsham Road, Darlington; Miss [illegible], [illegible], The Causeway, Cambridge; Mrs. M. F. Christy, 22, Pretoria Avenue, Walthamstow, Essex; Mrs. E. A. Parker, Uplands, Swansea; Mrs. Wright, Glenroy, Park Road, Kingston Hill, Surrey; Miss E. Miller, 112, Queen's Road, Watford, Herts; Mrs. E. Phillips, 5, South Morningside Drive, Edinburgh; Miss Nellie Harrison, near High Street, Belper, Derbyshire; Mrs. Pringle, [illegible], Garnet Street, Saltburn-by-Sea, Yorkshire; Miss A. F. Molloy, 58, Clapham Road, Bedford; Mrs. Waterhouse, 27, Claremont Street, Sowerby Bridge; Mrs. Fowler, 61, Plane Street, Newington, Hull; Mrs. W. Andrews, 6, Beach Street, Sheerness; Miss Fanny Fletcher, 25, Hagley Road, Birmingham; Mrs. E. Dutcher, Holly Bank, Raven-Meols Lane, Formby, near Liverpool; Mrs. Turner, 84, [illegible], Christchurch, Hants; Miss Thomson, Kirkindy, Fortrose, Ross-shire; Miss E. Carwood, 21, Shaw Crescent, Newbury; Miss Barden, 1, Newton Road, Tunbridge Wells; Miss Lucy Harvey, Clanbury, Ascot Heath, Berks; Mrs. C. Hughes, 24, Mansel Street, Swansea; Miss R. Wells, 7, Lansing Road, Ealing Dean, Middlesex; Mrs. E. Robertson, Act-na-Collie, Dunfermline, N.B.; Mrs. J. H. Ibbitson, 3, Leicester Place, Leeds, Yorks; Miss Kate Y. Ross, Teacher, Newspynie, Elgin, N.B.; Mrs. Wilson, Police Station, Chipping, Preston, Lancs; Miss Ralph, Crossens, Southport, Lancs; Miss Ada Harte, 30, Offord Road, Ranelagh, Dublin; Miss Fanny Haig, 10, Leigh Terrace, Douglas, I.O.M.; Miss Sarah Jane Batty, 6, Market Street, Wakefield, Yorks; Mrs. J. McDonald, 28, Dacon Street, S.S. Glasgow, N.B.; Mrs. M. McHarg, 13, Rue de Cordonne, Bruges, Belgique; Mrs. G. Leach, [illegible] Street, Newtown, Droitwich; Miss L. Thompson, 24, North Street, Scarborough; Miss Frances Syme, North Main Street, Brandon, co. Cork; Miss Billings, 14, Grosvenor Place, Upper Parliament Street, Nottingham.

GENTLEMEN.

Mr. P. T. du Heaume, 1, Stopford Villas, Stopford Road, Jersey; Mr. Geo. Crawford, 5, George Street, West Bridge End, Dumbarton; Mr. A. E. Cory, 12, Ford Street, Tavistock, Devon; Mr. G. P. Walker, 57, South Regent Street, Lancaster; Private M. G. Maloney, 4,0[illegible] F Company, Royal Marines, Chatham, Kent; Mr. A. Simpson, East Hartburn, near Stockton-on-Tees; Mr. W. J. Stacey, [illegible], Cavendish Road, Sutton, Surrey; Mr. Wm. Bishop, 22, Mill Street, Stafford; Mr. A. J. Tyler, 74, Vicarage Place, Radford Road, Leamington; Mr. Geo. Ritchie, North Eastern Terrace, Hartlepool; Mr. J. W. Betstone, Salisbury Street, Shaftesbury, Dorset; Mr. I. R. Thomas, Briercliffe, near Burnley, Lancs.; Mr. R. T. Davey, 24, Snow's Green Road, Shotley Bridge, Durham; Mr. C. Phillips, 11, George Street, Hastings, Sussex; Mr. Wm. Cuff, 14, Coborn Road, Bow, E.; Mr. G. P. L. Pennington, 16, [illegible] Terrace, Blackburn, Lancs; Mr. Thos. Dunn, 10, Upper Craigs, Stirling, N.B.; Mr. Thos. Pallett, 37, Powderham Crescent, Exeter; Mr. Green, 4, Hawthorne Terrace, New Writtle Street, Chelmsford; Mr. George Moreland, 10, Hill Street, Carnarvon, N. Wales; Mr. J. C. Smith, Abertarff House, Inverness, N.B.; Mr. J. P. Mason, 9, Hutt Street, Hull; Mr. Wm. Sinclair, 22, Great St. Helen's, E.C.; Mr. A. J. Paine, 11, St. John's Place, Northgate, Canterbury; Mr. R. A. Hawkins, 5, Station Grove, Wembley, Harrow; Mr. J. R. Wilson, Rose Cottage, North Road, Durham; Mr. J. E. Winter, 13, Albert Terrace, Starbeck, Harrogate; Mr. Jas. Nairn, 28, Peter Street, Dundee; Mr. J. Sheldon, The Rookery, Boston Spa, R.S.O., Yorks; Mr. G. O. Wasson, Widcombe Villa, Richmond Hill, Clifton, Bristol; Mr. G. Middleton, 2, Row, 78, King Street, Yarmouth; Mr. W. J. Howes, Cromer Road, North Walsham, Norfolk; Mr. J. Price Hughes, 20, Stevens Street, Lowestoft; Mr. F. J. Ralls, Creech St. Michael, Taunton; Mr. E. Weeks, 14, Albert Street, Merthyr Tydvil; Mr. Thos. Edwards, 12, Durnaby Street, Egremont, Liverpool; Mr. G. H. Chartres MacManus, Trim, co. Meath; Mr. Edward Robinson, 27, Printing Office Street, Doncaster; Mr. W. Hardman, 28, Hanover Street, Cross Lane, Salford, Manchester; Mr. A. Barnes, 3, De Montford Road, St. Anne's, Lewes; Mr. J. M. Howard, Eversfield Hospital, St. Leonards; Mr. Chas. Martin, 200, Upper Fort Road, Maidstone; Mr. N. G. Hill, Henderson, Burgess Hill, Sussex; Mr. Thos. Baird, jun., 3, Regent's Place, Stewarton, Glasgow; Mr. Wm. Nixon, 17, Dalston Street, Fairfield; Mr. R. Shield, 21, Landhall Road, Dalston, N.E.; Mr. H. A. Tobias, 25, Pandora Road, West Hampstead, N.W.; F. O. Bovell, 72, Upper Alma Street, Sheerness; Mr. F. S. Collins, 1, [illegible] Road, Brixton, S.E.; Mr. C. E. Shorter, 61, Lavender Sweep, S.W.

IN THE PROFESSION.

THE school-journal is a recognised institution in all parts of the United States. An amusing story is related about a boy home for the holidays from a college in New England. The young gentleman entered into conversation with a British fellow-traveller, and remarked at some length on the inferiority of British newspapers. Having received a civil reply, he continued, "I am myself an editor. Like to look at a copy of our paper?" pulling out the small sheet from his pocket. "And you have no idea—nobody not in the profession can have any idea—of the labour and mental strain involved in the production of that small sheet. Keep it. There may be a paragraph or two in it that is worth considering, even if it does come from this side of the water."

The Briton with whom the precocious editor was talking was Mr. Walter, of THE TIMES.

THE POWER OF ETIQUETTE.

A GOOD story is related by a correspondent in Washington. It seems that at official and diplomatic dinners there is sometimes difficulty in determining whose duty it is to rise and break up the entertainment.

When Dom Pedro, then Emperor of Brazil, was entertained at the White House, he had been told by a confused senator that it would be expected that he, the Emperor, would be the last of the guests to depart.

The President's wife, however, informed her other guests that they would be expected to follow, and not precede, the royal party in leaving the house.

The result was that no one dared to go for fear of a breach of etiquette. But at three o'clock in the morning a tired woman pretended illness, and the dead-lock was broken.

Great is etiquette, but common sense sometimes is allowable.

HOW PAUPER JEWS ARE BROUGHT TO LONDON.

THOSE of my readers who have any acquaintance with the East-end of London will not need to be reminded of the tremendous importance which the question of cheap foreign labour—principally Jewish—has assumed of late years. Pauper immigrants of the very lowest type, who have been accustomed for generations to do nothing but work, eat, and sleep—as little of the two latter as will keep body and soul together—toiling for the lowest possible wage that the brutality of middlemen has been able to grind them down to—have for years been flocking into London.

They live lives to which those of well-kept dogs are positively luxurious; and, by their utter disregard of the most ordinary conveniences and decencies of life, are enabled to set altogether at naught the British workmen who, though they may be prepared to work hard, are not prepared to lead the existences of brutes.

In the past all this has been bad enough. In the future it is going to be infinitely worse, for the stream continues to flow unceasingly; and, as the numbers of these pauper hordes increase, their scope of operations becomes necessarily wider. Hitherto they have almost entirely confined their attentions to the tailoring trade, from which decent workmen have been practically eliminated. Now there is no more room for them in this particular line, so they are branching out into others.

Dwellers in Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow, or any other of our large towns, can have little idea of the seriousness of this question, as none of these Jewish paupers leave London. In London they arrive, in London they settle, and I say, without fear of contradiction, that London they are going to ruin unless some decisive step is taken to stop their ingress.

Why do they make for London? How do they get there? What steps do they take towards settling there when they arrive?

In the first place, the extraordinary prosperity of this country has led the more ignorant of the continental peoples—and these pauper Jews are among the most ignorant folk of civilised lands—to believe that the workman who can succeed in planting himself on our soil, is sure of comforts and luxuries which are quite unobtainable elsewhere.

The countryman of the fable who thought the streets of London were paved with gold, has, in these penniless Jews, living prototypes. In Britain, too, they know that they are safe; they will not be harassed by vexatious and tyrannical police supervision; they will not be hounded off again; they will, in a word, be free, which is what they cannot be anywhere else in Europe.

It is not difficult to understand, therefore, that the idea of settling in Britain offers irresistible attractions to them. With these few lines the first of my three queries may be dismissed.

The second and third must be considered together, for they, as it were, run into one another.

The East-end Jew who, by sweating his brethren, succeeds in amassing a small capital, often decides to increase it by the exercise of a system of slavery as vile as ever existed in the world's history.

He first of all looks about for a house which he thinks will suit his requirements. If it is to let, he at once takes it, if it is not, he, by a mixture of bribing the tenant to evacuate it, and offering the landlord a higher rent than he at present is receiving, manages to acquire possession.

Then he sends word—either by special emissary or through the mysterious channels of communication which the curious freemasonry of the Children of Israel has always maintained—to Jewish communities on the Continent, that good work and good wages can be obtained in London, that he can accommodate a large number of people, and that, if they will make up their minds to come, he will meet them on their arrival, and save them all the troubles and complications which their ignorance of the language of the country would otherwise entail.

Now comes a very curious point. These miserable creatures naturally have little, if any, money to dispose of. It is a long way from Poland or Roumania to Whitechapel; how are they to get there? The problem is not so difficult as it appears.

In every city on the Continent there is a Jewish body, which I may call a Board of Guardians, the chief function of which is to speed upon his way the new-comer of their faith who cannot prove that he is likely to become a desirable addition to their community. The Jews of the place contribute largely to the funds of this body, fore-seeing, with the shrewdness peculiar to their race, that it will pay them far better to assist an undesirable fellow Hebrew on his way to lower the value of labour somewhere else, than it will to permit him to settle down to this congenial task in their midst.

So on goes the Polish Jew, with his rags and tatters and ignorance and filth, from city to city until he at last is landed in the London Docks. Here his amiable co-religionist meets him, and, with many expressions of regard, conducts him to the dwelling-place which he has prepared.

A stranger in a strange land, the miserable new-comer finds himself, almost before he has time to turn round, the literal slave of his crafty host. He is sweated as only a Jew can sweat, and is kept at work morning, noon, and night, receiving in his turn merely board and lodging, and an occasional rag to hide his nakedness. The board is of the meanest, the lodging takes the form of a small portion of the floor of a bare room. The landlord credits him with payment for his work, and debits him with the cost of food and shelter, seeing that the two accounts as nearly as possible balance one another.

Some little time ago I had the pleasure of inspecting the accounts of one of these scoundrels, and discovered that, according to his own showing, a small house in a Whitechapel slum was yielding him in rental £5 a week, more than four-fifths of which was, of course, clear profit.

As our unscrupulous blackguard finds his savings swell, he extends the scene of his operations, takes more houses, despatches more emissaries to the Continent, and branches out in the many directions which his sharpness points out as being profitable. I could show street after street in Whitechapel and Stepney which are entirely occupied by these sweating-houses, crowded from cellar to attic with pauper Jews.

My three questions are answered. A fourth of far greater importance must be left open. It is—When will our supine authorities open their eyes to the terrible menace which this shocking business affords, and absolutely prohibit the importation of any more of these pauper Jews? Time and time again has the gravity of the situation been laid before those who have the power to act, by men well acquainted with every phase of the subject. But all to no purpose. We must wait for the serious riots, which, in the nature of things, must eventually awaken to their sense of responsibility those whose duty it is to take steps towards bettering this disgraceful state of affairs.

MENDICANT (to benevolent old lady who has given him a halfpenny): "Quite sure you can spare this, ma'am?"

ANECDOTES of canine intelligence are sometimes doubtful as to veracity. The following, I am assured, is absolutely true. A lady not long ago, suffering from scarlet fever, was unable to take any solid nourishment for days together. Her little dog watched her with unfailing solicitude, until at length, at his wits' end, he managed to drag a bone which had been given him for his dinner to her bedside, and looked beseechingly up at her, as if begging her to share his repast.

A COMPANY of tourists are taken over the castle at Blois.

Keeper: "The room we are now entering, ladies and gentlemen, is the very one in which the Duke of Guise was murdered."

A Tourist: "Beg your pardon. I came here three years ago, and was told that about a room in the wing opposite."

Keeper (very calmly): "The château was undergoing repairs at the time."

WHEN ORATORS ARE AT THEIR BEST.

TAKING volitional language as a whole (says Sir J. Crichton Browne, M.D.), I would point out that the command over it is greatest between forty-five and fifty-five years of age. I do not mean to convey that men and women are most talkative then, but I maintain that, as a rule, it is then that they use the greatest number of words to express their ideas, and employ them with the most precision and propriety.

Amongst ordinary mortals, it is difficult to ascertain when their comparatively scanty vocabulary is richest and most fluent, but even in them it might, I believe, be demonstrated by well-planned observations that between forty-five and fifty-five their powers of expression are at their best.

Amongst orators there can be no doubt that it is at this time of life that their special endowments have secured for them their highest triumph. Demosthenes, whose ambition was early kindled, did not deliver his greatest speech—De Coronâ—which has been described as the most magnificent vindication in the annals of oratory, until he was fifty-two.

Burke, whose training was desultory, astonished the House of Commons by his speech on American affairs when he was thirty-six, but only achieved his masterpiece, his impeachment of Warren Hastings—an effort of eloquence unparalleled in its energy and effect, and which must have exhausted his speech centres, for it left him at one point deprived of the power of articulation for a little—when he was in his fifty-eighth year.

Curran, of whom Byron said, "He has spoken more poetry than I have ever written," made his most brilliant speeches in the State trials in which he appeared between his forty-fourth and forty-seventh years. And John Bright, whose fiery declamation on behalf of the Anti-Corn Law League began in his twenty-eighth year, may be said to have exhibited his control over language in its finest perfection in speeches delivered subsequent to his election for Birmingham, when he was forty-six. My friend Mr. Barnett Smith writes to me:—"I have heard all the greatest speeches of the greatest orators of my time—Parliamentary, pulpit, and platform speakers—Butt, Lowe, Disraeli, Bulwer Lytton, Derby, Punshon, Gough, and all had their most splendid period from forty-five to fifty-five years of age."

A SUBSTANTIAL OFFER TO RETAIL TRADESMEN.

WE have made arrangements with the GARNIER ENAMELLED LETTER AND ADVERTISEMENT SIGN COMPANY, LIMITED, of 61, Farringdon Road, London, E.C., to give valuable prizes to various classes of retail tradesmen. The first body of tradesmen selected for this purpose is the

GROCERS.

Suggestions are invited from Grocers, who are for the moment asked to assume that they are about to open a general grocery business, and have a shop window the width of which is ten feet and the height seven, and which is entirely unoccupied.

They are invited to forward designs showing what is, in their opinion, the most suitable wording and style in which enamelled copper letters could be put upon the glass. In the first place to put such *wording* as is likely to bring custom; and, in the second place, to put it in the most attractive way. These letters are made in sizes from one to ten inches in length in the three styles shown here (initial letters larger than the body of the word can be used, and if thought desirable of another fount of type),

J. B. L.

To the grocer whose design is considered the best a complete set of enamelled letters (the value of which will be from £10 to £15) setting it forth, will be presented, free of any cost. Within a fortnight of the award of the prize these letters will be affixed to his shop window free of charge, anything at present on it will be taken off where possible.

FIVE THOUSAND hand-bills setting forth the prize design will also be distributed in his neighbourhood, and a copy in miniature of the shop window will appear in *P. W.*, thus affording him a most valuable and world-wide advertisement gratis. Grocers should not embody in their designs the names of proprietary articles, but confine themselves entirely to announcements concerning the general grocery trade.

Designs must reach us from Grocers by or before February 1st, marked "GROCER."

Next week we shall make a similar offer to CONFECTIONERS.

It is hoped that retail tradesmen who see this offer will be good enough to mention it to others. We propose to extend it until every retail trade of any importance has been included.

NATURAL HISTORY
NOTES AND QUERIES.

NOTES.

How is Piggy? A pig's tail is said to unerringly indicate the condition of the animal. If it hang loose, it shows that the pig is not well, and that its food should be changed. If it be coiled tightly, the pig is healthy and happy.—Farmside (Essex).

The Longest Stepper. Does any animal, I wonder, take a longer step than the ostrich, which, when it is going at full speed, covers from eleven to fifteen feet at every stride? These tremendous strides contrast very curiously with the mincing steps taken by the ostrich when walking quietly along, which measure only a couple of feet.—Hercules (Surbiton).

A Curious Freak of Nature. I have had sent me for preservation, a canary with an abnorm growth on the wing. From the right wing at the carpal joint, a bony substance has grown in a downward and spiral direction, and resembles the horn of a young lamb. It is fully six inches long, and about three-quarters of an inch thick at the thickest part, and in bulk extends to that of the bird itself. The growth took two years to develop, and the deposit of bone is wonderful when the small size of the bird is taken into account.—Taxidermist (Glasgow).

Bird and Animal Sentinels. Seals generally choose some lonely islet on which to bask, and, to prevent surprise, they place one of their number as guard to give the alarm. The signal is a quick clap of his flippers upon the rock on which he sits, and it requires the greatest caution to approach a herd of seals. Rabbits also signal with their fore-paws, and they have both alarm signals and calls. Seagulls, in the breeding season, have their sentry placed on the most commanding position, and this habit is shared by cormorants and other sea birds.—J. I. (Orkney).

Bird Doctors. Some interesting observations relating to the surgical treatment of wounds by birds were recently brought by M. Fatio before the Physical Society of Geneva. He quoted the case of the snipe, which he had often observed engaged in repairing damages. With its beak and feathers it makes a very creditable dressing, applying plasters to bleeding wounds, and even securing a broken limb by means of a stout ligature. On one occasion he killed a snipe which had on the chest a large dressing composed of down taken from other parts of the body and securely fixed to the wound by coagulated blood. Twice he had brought home snipe with interwoven feathers strapped on to the site of the fracture of one or other limb.

The most interesting example was that of a snipe, both of whose legs he had unfortunately broken by a misdirected shot. He recovered the animal only on the day following, and then he found that the poor bird had contrived to apply dressings and a sort of splint to both limbs. In carrying out this operation some feathers had become entangled round the beak, and, not being able to use its claws to get rid of them, it was almost dead from hunger when discovered. In a case recorded by M. Magnin, a snipe which was observed to fly away with a broken leg was subsequently found to have forced the fragments into a parallel position, the upper fragments reaching to one knee, and secured there by a strong band of feathers and moss intermingled. The observers were particularly struck by the application of a ligature of a kind of flat-leafed grass wound round the limb, of a spiral form, and fixed by means of a sort of glue.—E. G. (Leith.)

REPLIES TO QUERIES.

To make a Horse stand while his Head is Clipped. Your correspondent should put the twitch on his ear, blindfold him, and let him have some music. A violin, no doubt, would do; anything to draw his attention. I have seen several horses rendered perfectly quiet in this way, or by strapping up one of their fore-legs. It is quite astonishing what an effect music has upon a horse.—Ambrose (Leeds).

Fish in Newly-Formed Ponds. In answer to D. D. (Hereford), I am of opinion that birds are the cause of fish being in his pond. Birds that drink from a river, stream, or pond will get spawn on their feet and beaks, and when they come down to drink at his pond they clean their beaks and feet, thus depositing the spawn they have brought from other places, which, in due course, will generate.—A. M. (Bethnal Green.)

Honey-making Insects. In reply to the query of P. L., the card-making wasp of Brazil produces honey, and a species of American ant has a class of members whose sole function is to make honey. They always stay in the nest, and, taking food from the workers, store it in their abdomen, extending the latter very greatly. They regurgitate it in the form of honey when any of their comrades desire to be fed. There is also a species of honey-ant found in Australia, while the Indian coccus is another honey-maker which does not belong to the bee tribe.—R. J. H. (Norwich.)

To Cure a Hen of Egg-eating. If the hen belonging to your Plymouth correspondent, which has taken to this annoying trick, is not of much value, I should strongly recommend her to kill it at once, as the bad habit is very likely to spread to other members of the fowl-yard. If she is a valuable fowl, the best plan is to burn the extremity of her bill with a red-hot poker. This does not cause any pain, as the beak is composed of a horny substance. It will blunt the bill, and so keep it from piercing the shell of the egg. Hens sometimes eat their eggs for the sake of the shell, because they are not supplied with lime. A free supply of mortar and old rubbish will, if this is the case, eradicate the habit.—Poultry Fancier (Lincoln).

[We do not insert any Queries this week, for it seems rather silly to publish any more until a good many of those that have already appeared have been answered. The whole space at disposal is therefore devoted to Notes and Replies to Queries.—Ed. *P. W.*]

HOW OUR READERS FED 2,000 CHILDREN.

Never have I so heartily wished to be the possessor of a magician's wand as on the evenings of the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday after Christmas Day. If it had been mine I would, between four and seven on those days, have brought before the eyes of every one of my readers the interior of a great underground hall in Settles Street, Stepney, crowded on each occasion, first with five hundred hungry children; then with five hundred children, eating as only children who seldom have enough food can eat: then with five hundred satisfied children romping about or boisterously enjoying the pictures thrown upon a sheet by a splendid magic lantern, most kindly lent for the occasion by sympathetic friends.

To their ears I would have brought the clattering of knives and forks, and the shrieks of delight as well-filled plates of beef and potatoes and plum pudding were set upon the long tables by the staff of *Pearson's Weekly*, the wives of those of them who are so fortunate as to possess helpmates, and by the kind parish workers who lent their assistance.

When the Rev. Harry Wilson, Vicar of St. Augustine's, Stepney (on whom, in the Rev. Sidney Vatcher's unavoidable absence, the work of organisation had fallen), asked the satisfied children to show their appreciation for the treat that had been given them by our readers, we verily believe that the stamping and cheering and clapping could have been heard by every contributor to the fund had he or she been listening. If the volume of sound given was any criterion of the amount of pleasure received, then we can safely say that children never enjoyed themselves better, for the imagination refuses to grasp the idea of more noise proceeding from an equal number of little throats.

When we from this office reached St. Augustine's Hall, a few minutes after four on Tuesday, December 29th, the five hundred children who had been selected for that evening's treat were already seated at the long tables, watching almost wolfishly the huge dishes piled up with slices of beef, the great bowls of potatoes, and the baskets of bread which the contractor's men were carrying to the tables provided for them from a smaller room, where the work of carving was going on.

Every helper was allotted a dozen children, and was made absolutely responsible for their feeding. Provided with twelve plates for them, he fell upon the meat and potato dishes, loaded up two or three plates at a time, seized some thick slices of bread, and started his own particular dozen little pairs of jaws at work. The ladies had charge of the small mites of both sexes and of the little girls. The men tried to exercise some control over the boys, with the exception of the Editor, who has a special weakness for little girls, and who was therefore allotted a batch of them.

Many of the children could not contain themselves sufficiently to cut their food up with knives and convey it to their mouths on forks. They fell upon it tooth and nail—evidently believers in the old adage, that "fingers were made before forks." The last of my dozen had scarcely been helped, when those first served were holding out their plates for more. Twice, thrice, and in the case of some, even four times were the plates filled up before it was felt that justice had been done to the first course.

The tastes of the children were curiously diverse. Some eat no bread, others wanted piece after piece. The same with potatoes. Some shouted so lustily for more gravy that a jug of it was given each helper to dispense. Many children seemed to think it right to lay a foundation of bread and potatoes made into a paste with gravy, before the meat was seriously tackled. A few, no doubt, shared the sentiments of the little girl who said to me, "I don't want none of yer old grivey. It's 'arf water and spiles my 'taters."

After having fairly started my twelve on to their meat I handed them over to a helper who had turned up late, and roamed about the hall to gain a general impression of what was going on. A dozen mites of scarcely three years old, were being fed with chopped-up meat and potatoes by Mrs. Editor and two other ladies, each of whom had charge of four of them, and popped in spoonfuls where she was led to believe they would do most good.

One thing which struck me particularly was that the girls eat decidedly more than the boys. They didn't shout and lark, but attended strictly to the business of stowing away what was put before them. The boys—after the nature of their kind—were up to all sorts of mischief which wasted a good deal of the time more profitably applied by their sisters.

One hollow-eyed little girl, who had a baby brother on her knee, plucked me by the sleeve as I passed her, and whispered, "Please, sir, may I take these two slices 'ome to mother? She 'asn't 'ad a bit o' meat since father died." Of course, it was wrong, but I am not ashamed to say that I so far connived at this breach of the regulations as to wrap up the two slices in a piece of paper which she produced, and stow them away in her pocket, while she went on helping herself and the baby.

Poor mite! she told me, later in the evening, that this was the first full meal she had had since consumption had carried off her father three months ago, and, no doubt, hundreds of the two thousand children fed on these four evenings could have truthfully said the same. Ah me! ah me! that little children should, through no fault of theirs, have to bear so much misery.

But, here are the men with the puddings. Never was monarch hailed with such joyful acclamations as greeted King Plum-pudding on his procession up the hall. In doling out the generous slices, the same course was pursued as with the meat. My tale about the gravy was capped by that of one of the staff to whom a boy said, "D'yer call this 'ere plum-pudden? Why, there ain't no rum-sauce with it!"

Personally, however, I saw no indications of a desire for rum, or any other sauce, save the proverbially excellent one provided by hunger. Plateful after plateful of pudding—such good pudding, too—was fairly shovelled away. One little girl I heard say, with almost a sob, "Oh my, I didn't know we was a-goin' to 'ave more than one 'elp o' plum-pudden', or I wouldn't 'ave eat all them 'taters!"

But all things—even an almost starving child's appetite—must come to an end, and presently the demand for "more" ceased. The tables were swiftly cleared, the boards and trestles stowed away in an ante-chamber, and the hall given up to games. Half a dozen skipping-ropes were kept going in different parts of the room. A gigantic see-saw occupied one end. Oranges and small bags of sweets, sent in by sympathetic friends, were swung in canvas bags at the ends of lines attached to exaggerated fishing-rods. As they passed overhead, eager little hands were outstretched to clutch them, and, finally, someone, more fortunate or more expert than the rest, secured the coveted prize.

The girls played "oranges and lemons," "ring-of-roses," and other games of the kind. In strong contrast to these sedate amusements was the fun along one side of the hall, where, from cold gravy and remains of plum-pudding, some inventive genius had constructed a slide. Up and down went the boys, shouting, and slipping, and tumbling, just as heartily as though it had been the genuine article.

Needless to say, spills were frequent. After one of them the Editor's august countenance was to be seen emerging from a tangled pile of boys. As he crawled out, down upon him bore the portly form of the publisher, with an impetus that knew no check until it had knocked the breath out of the revered chief. One of the assistant editors sat down with more force than dignity in the centre of the slide, and almost before he had touched the floor found himself transformed into the foundation-stone of an erection of boys who had been following him up. But even this rough horseplay had its pathetic side. One cannot well slide without boots, and many little feet, alas! had no covering but that provided by Nature.

At the stroke of seven the children went off, shouting and singing in a manner that showed how full of unalloyed happiness the evening had been.

This treat was a fair sample of the other three, except for the fact that on them magic lantern exhibitions took the place of games. No words of mine can describe the pleasure that the generosity of our readers was the cause of giving to this army of little ones. The thanks of all concerned are due to the Rev. Harry Wilson and his assistants, whose splendid organisation and indefatigable work went a very long way towards ensuring the success of the undertaking

A MODERN ELIJAH.

He was small and ugly. There was nothing in his appearance to suggest the hero, and if you had told him that he was a hero he would scarcely have known what you meant. An unschooled, illiterate, little fellow, he had, nevertheless, been baptised by the same spirit which had caused the face of St. Stephen to shine as the face of an angel.

One winter day—almost a year before the event which gave him a chance to show the stuff that was in him—he came into the hotel, looking for a job. The hall was brilliantly lighted, and filled with a crowd of well-dressed men. It was no easy matter for him to steer his course to the desk, and when he got there the splendour of the man behind it dazed him so that his voice almost failed him. He had, however, even at his early age, reached the point where he had to work or starve. So his necessities made him eloquent. His eloquence prevailed. He was on the next day placed on the pay roll of the great hotel.

As bell-boy he was not a success. I fear I must confess that he was lazy. People liked him—I do not know why—and for some reason or other he was a favourite with his employers. If he had not been they would have dismissed him before his first week was out. Instead of doing that they determined to find more congenial work for him, so they put him in charge of the lift.

Among the passengers who used to go up and down with the boy was a little five-year-old girl, the daughter of a family living in the hotel. With her fair white skin, golden hair, deep blue eyes, and pretty womanly ways, the child was a general favourite. Everyone knew her, everyone loved her.

Between her and the boy a great friendship had sprung up. He was devotion itself, and his attentions to the little damsel were so grotesquely chivalrous as to be almost pathetic. She accepted them all with a dignity and grace that were charming. Her family lived on the top floor of the house, and as she always rode in his lift when she could manage to do so, the boy and girl saw much of each other. Once she was ill, the medicine that helped her most was a wretched little bouquet sent her by her humble friend.

It was winter again. The evening of which I write was very cold and clear. The stars were diamond-like in their brilliancy. Everything was frozen up—the wheels creaked on the snow.

The hotel was crowded with guests. Not more than two or three of the hundreds of rooms were unoccupied. A belated traveller came in at one o'clock tired and cold. He stepped into the boy's lift and was carried to the top floor.

The great house was quiet. Most of the lights had been extinguished. Two night owls were talking in low tones on one of the settees which lined the walls of the lobby. The bell boys were most of them asleep.

Two o'clock. The night owls got up and walked out into the cold air. A drunken man poked his nose in at the door. The sleeping porter seemed to scent him, for he hustled him out.

Suddenly, without a note of warning, the cry of "Fire!" rang through the house. There was life enough now. Scantily-clad people were scurrying wildly through the smoke-filled corridors. They came plunging down the stairs, and out into the freezing night. All the bells in the house were ringing. The smoke grew denser. It seemed to come from everywhere—above and below. Great black volumes rolled through the long halls. Outside the streets were jammed with people. The engines hurried to the scene. Ladders were raised, and the work of rescue began.

It was time, for there was a white figure at almost every one of the multitudinous windows. The awful wall loomed up in the darkness, storey on storey, dimly seen as to its upper half, for that part of it was wreathed in the blinding smoke. The smoke turned to flame—flame bursting through scores of windows. The terror-stricken creatures began to jump. The people in the streets below were frantic.

"Back! back!" they shrieked. "Wait! we'll save you! Don't jump!"

Which is the pleasanter, to be roasted alive, or to be smashed out of shape on the stone pavement? If there is to be any saving done it must be done quickly.

But what of the little fellow in the lift? He, too, had been asleep. He had been awakened as the others had been by the cry of fire. Unlike them he had that "two-o'clock-in-the-morning-courage" which Napoleon said was the rarest sort. In an instant he decided that it was his duty to stick to his post. And stick he did.

Up and down he went, and every time his lift reached the ground floor it was loaded with people. The journey was a fearful one, but he did not shrink. How long he could continue to make the trip he could not tell. The lift might drop any minute. Very well, let it drop. Some of the people in it might survive the shock. It was sure to catch fire sooner or later. Even then he would be on his way to safety with passengers. At any rate he knew that he could bring some people out of the fire burning above.

Trip after trip he made, each worse than the last. The fireman at the bottom of the shaft, to whom he turned over his living freight, sought to stop him in his dangerous work. The whole well was full of smoke, and far up towards the roof the fire could be seen.

Still he kept on, and it did seem that every time he started skyward he was going to certain death. But he knew that there were still people up there, and he would take any chance to save a life. The firemen were doing their best outside; death was busy within, and he finally made up his mind that it was no use to go back again, till all at once he remembered that he had seen nothing of his little friend.

Could he weather the smoke and flame once more? He could try. He pulled the rope and the journey began. It was slow; oh, how slow. The smoke was terrible—worse even than the fire—but he held his breath and fixed his mind upon the business in hand.

The flame kindled the woodwork of the lift. He fell on his hands and knees, but he kept his hold on the rope. At last he reached her floor. He found her room, and found her. She was asleep, and alone.

Wrapping her in the blankets and throwing about her a rug which he snatched from the floor, he struggled through the flame and smoke back to the burning lift. Through it all he brought her, fighting the fire away from her every inch of the way down. He had just strength enough to stop the lift.

The children were taken out and carried to a chemist's shop across the street—the girl alive and well and the boy seemingly dead. He was horribly burned. Among the people outside were the parents of the little girl. They had been out to an evening party, and, returning after a long, cold drive, found the hotel on fire. Every effort had been made, in response to the agonised appeals of the father, to save the child; and now here she was, safe and sound, laughing in her mother's arms.

And the hero? He opened his eyes.

"Did I bring her down all right?"

"Yes, yes," said the father; "and how can we ever thank you for what you have done?"

"Never mind about that. If she's safe, that's enough for me," and he closed his eyes.

Dead? Yes, dead, and gone to heaven in a chariot of fire.

First Scamp: "What kind of a time did you have in the police-court this morning?"

Second ditto: "Fine!"

A: "Slavery will never be extinct until the practical joker is killed off."

B: "How so?"

A: "Because he is forever selling people."

Reflection of a valet at his case on a lounge while his master is out.

"Worse luck to it! My master does nothing all day, no more do I. In talking of him people say that he is fond of a life of contemplation, whereas, in speaking of me, they say, James is a lazy lout"

And he drops off to sleep again.

Our school education continues to yield curious results. The latest is this: In answer to the question put by the diocesan inspector, "Describe some effects of the proceedings under Queen Mary," the glib answer was reeled off, "Many of the bishops were deprived of their sees." One of the managers, however, asked the meaning of the statement. After a long pause one of the boys put up his hand and said, "Had their eyes put out!"

Here is a description by an American of London fogs: "Thick!" exclaimed the American on his return to the States, "I've somehow a notion they were thick. You couldn't get through 'em unless you first cut 'em with a knife; and then, I've an idea that if you didn't make 'nation good use of your legs, you couldn't much reckon on bodily safety. I lost my best friend in a fog. He was hacking away at it, but I calculate he was rather too slow in his movements, for before he'd time to squeeze through, it closed to again and crushed his two sides as flat as a pancake!"

Hungary swarms with barristers. It is the greatest ambition of the Hungarian peasant to make one of his sons an advocate, in the same way that it is the ambition of the Breton and the Irish peasant to make one son a priest. The son of a small farmer in the neighbourhood of Buda-Pesth was sent by his father to the law school of that town, but, either from lack of parts or the necessary application, he was plucked in the qualifying examination. Not daring to return to the paternal abode empty-handed after all the money that had been spent on his education, he conceived and executed the plan of forging a legal diploma. The father was not, however, so ignorant as not to be aware that such diplomas are always written on parchment—*kutya-ber* ("dog-skin")—in Hungary.

"Why is your certificate not made out on *kutya-ber?*" asked the old man.

"The fact is, father," coolly replied the youth, "there are more barristers than dogs in Hungary, and so there is not enough *kutya-ber* to make diplomas for us all."

CULTIVATING DISEASES.

Probably the most curious greenhouse in the world is supported at Washington by the United States Government. It is a hospital for diseased plants, but differs from ordinary hospitals in that the injuries and disorders from which the patients suffer have been purposely inflicted on them by the doctors in order that the nature of the complaints may be studied, and methods of curing them discovered.

The Department of Agriculture has agents in many parts of the country, whose business is to travel about and collect specimens of diseased plants. These plants are promptly sent to Washington with full particulars of the injuries done, and the extent of the depredations. Professor Galloway, who has charge of this department, upon receiving a leaf, or a twig, exhibiting morbid symptoms, sets to work to discover what sort of fungus is responsible for the mischief.

Nearly all disorders of plants are caused by parasites, of which there are fifty thousand known kinds, and it is not easy to tell offhand, in any given case, just which one is the destroyer. Often this must be determined by a resort to the germ incubator.

Suppose the professor has received a leaf affected by some mysterious disease, turning it brown. His experienced eye at once detects the presence of a fungus. He breaks off a bit of the leaf, and chops it up in distilled water. When the water is filled with the germs, he takes a drop and lets it fall into a tube which already contains a small quantity of a gelatinous substance called "agar," derived from a Japanese fish. This substance has previously been rid of all germs by boiling, and the tube is now tightly corked up again to prevent the ingress of other germs.

The fungus germs find this agar most nutritious food, and at once begin to feed and multiply. If there is only one to begin with, it soon divides into two, and so on until, it may be within a few hours, there are billions.

To be certain that these fungi caused the disease of the plant in question, the professor fishes a few of them out on the end of a platinum needle, and rubs them on a healthy leaf of the same sort in his greenhouse. If the disease is reproduced in the plant thus inoculated, he has found the enemy. That is the first important step; it only remains to discover something that will kill the parasite, without injury to the infected plant.

Within the four years during which Professor Galloway has been in charge of this department of vegetable pathology, much has been done. Twelve of the fifty kinds of fungi that attack the grape have been treated with success, and a cure has been discovered for the fire-rot, which turns the limbs of pear-trees black and dead so quickly. The germ of the potato-rot, too, has been identified, and means found of fighting it cheaply and effectively. The same may be said of more than a dozen other vegetable diseases.

Policemen are luckier than the authors. The author has to cudgel his own brains for a living, while the policeman cudgels other folks'.

There is a hairdresser in a suburban district who has hit on a new idea. He tells his customers such horrible stories that it makes their hair stand on end. It is so much easier for him to cut it then, he says.

The minister was a great hand-shaker—shutting down like a vice. One day he shook a boy's hand, and gave it an awful squeeze, as he said:

"My little fellow, I hope you are pretty well to-day."

With tears in his eyes, the boy answered:

"I was till you shook hands with me."

RESULT OF COUNTING COMPETITION NUMBER IX.

The entrances numbered 191 which, at one shilling a piece, yielded £9 11s. gross, or £8 10s. after deducting the Chartered Accountants' fee for arriving at the correct figures. 82 sent the correct figures, which are shown in the following certificate:—

"We hereby certify that we have, with the utmost care, counted and checked the number of times the letters A E I O and U occurred on the first and second white pages of *Pearson's Weekly* for week ending January 2nd, and that the figures are:—A, 1,563 times; E, 2,499 times; I, 1,326 times; O, 1,366 times; U, 544 times. Total, 7,298."

Slade Leins & Slade

Chartered Accountants

Wardrobe Chambers,

Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

The result of this is that each successful competitor becomes entitled to 2s., and there is a balance of 6s. over, which we are keeping to go towards postages, etc. A postal order for 2s. has been dispatched to every winner.

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

Readers will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

To Clean Engravings. Lay the picture on a perfectly smooth board. Dissolve some finely-powdered salt with lemon juice. Cover the picture with it. Pour boiling water over the engraving to cleanse it, and place it in a shady spot in the open air to dry. Do not dry the picture before the fire or in the sun or the picture will acquire a yellow tinge. (*Reply to* BOB.)

To Mend China. The following is a simple, clean, and effective method for mending china. Pound lime in a mortar till it is reduced to the finest dust. Place it in a small bag made of book muslin. Brush the edges of the china with white of egg, dust the lime over them, put the edges together, tie round with a string, or hold the pieces together until the cement is firm. (*Reply to* G. A.)

Dried Green Pea Soup. Soak one pound of dried green peas in cold water for twenty-four hours. Place them in a saucepan with two quarts of cold water, one large, or two small onions, one head of celery, and one ounce of dripping. Boil all together until the peas are quite tender. Pass the soup through a wire sieve. Return it to the saucepan, add a gill of milk, pepper and salt to taste. Bring to the boil and serve.

For the Benefit of Readers who may require advice or information at any time about drains, sanitary arrangements, water supplies, electric lighting, etc. we have retained the services of an experienced civil engineer. Letters will be answered gratis, and no fee will be charged unless it is desired to have inspections made, plans prepared, or other work carried out, when a small proportionate charge will be made. Letters for this department should be marked SANITARY.

Polish for Brass and Copper. This is a brilliant polish, and will, I think, answer your purpose well. Take three-quarters of a pound of rottenstone, one ounce and a half of oxalic acid, and three-quarters of an ounce of gum arabic. These ingredients must be all finely powdered. Make a paste by stirring into the dry ingredients one ounce and a half of sweet oil, and as much water as is necessary. Apply some of the paste to the brass or copper, then polish with a dry flannel or wash-leather. (*Reply to* TRAVELLING SHOWMAN.)

Tempting Dishes for Invalids. The difficulty of providing appetising dishes for invalids is so great, that I hailed with delight the two following charming little recipes. *Egg Toast.*—Prepare French toast, which is made by toasting a piece of bread on one side only, and buttering it while hot on the side that is not toasted. Over this spread a well-beaten egg, flavoured delicately with pepper and salt. Heat this gently before the fire. *Gravy Toast.*—Prepare French toast and spread the red gravy from a joint over the untoasted side, sprinkle lightly with pepper and salt, and slightly warm.

Edinburgh Pudding. I have no doubt that my readers find, as I do, a great difficulty in getting good eggs, at this time of year, for cooking purposes. They will, therefore, be glad of a recipe for a good pudding made without eggs. Mix one small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda carefully into a quarter of a pound of flour; add to it a quarter of a pound of ground rice, a quarter of a pound of finely-chopped suet, one teacupful of some red jam, two tablespoonfuls of treacle, and about a teacupful of milk. Mix all the ingredients well together. This pudding before it is boiled should be of the consistency of good cream. Butter a mould and fill it to within one inch of the top. Boil for four hours. The water in the saucepan should only be half-way up the mould.

To Truss a Fowl for Roasting. Some of my readers are accustomed to have fowls sent in from the poulterer's quite ready for the spit; others have their own fowl-yard, and to these I hope the following directions may prove of use:—Pluck the fowl carefully, then singe it all over with a piece of lighted paper to remove hairs. Lay it on a board, turn it over on its breast, cut off the neck and take out the crop, leaving a piece of skin long enough to turn over. Fasten this down with a small skewer. Cut a hole and draw out all the inside; then wash the bird. Hold the legs near the hot bars of the range; this blistens the skin, and allows of its being easily drawn off. Twist the wings so that the points come to the back. Take a skewer and pass it through both legs under the breast; another skewer should pass through the wings. A small chicken takes half an hour to roast.

A Good Gargle. Two excellent gargles may be made in the following manner:—Pour half a tumblerful of warm water over two tablespoonfuls of honey; stir until the honey is quite dissolved. Add to this one wineglassful of vinegar. Stand the gargle aside until cold. Use frequently. (*Reply to* LAURA.)

Stuffed Breast of Mutton. This recipe was given to me by the wife of a quarryman, and I think it may be useful to some of my readers. Take three pounds of breast of mutton, take out the bones, cover the inside of the meat with a layer of veal-stuffing. Roll up the meat, sew the edges together, or bind it round with string. Roast, and serve with baked potatoes.

Vegetable Pie. Take equal quantities of carrots and turnips, one head of celery, two onions, and two ounces of dripping. Cut the vegetables in pieces about one inch long, place them in a saucepan with the dripping and a small quantity of water. Season with pepper and salt to taste. Stew gently over a slow fire, and when tender pour into a pie-dish. When cold cover with paste and bake. This is an excellent dish. It should be eaten hot.

Coke-dust. However carefully coke is broken there is always a certain amount of dust from it. This should not be wasted, but sprinkled with water so as to make it cling together. If this is put on to a fire which is burning briskly every ounce will burn. Used for a copper fire or close stove, it will be found to cake and burn more steadily than large coke or coal. It may equally well be burnt in an ordinary house grate.

Ross Cakes. Put a quarter of a pound of rice into a saucepan with half a pint of water. When it begins to swell, add about the same quantity of milk. Let it remain over a slow fire till the rice is well mixed with the water and milk, and is quite soft. Take it off the fire, and when cold add to it one pound and a quarter of flour, three ounces of butter, three ounces of lard, four eggs, and a little salt. Knead all well together, roll out into a sheet about half an inch thick, and cut into shapes. Brush over with the well-beaten yolk of an egg, place on greased tins, and bake in a moderate oven.

Scalloped Chop. This is another very nourishing dish for an invalid, and, being minced, is very easy of digestion. It also makes a very good dinner for a young child. Take all the lean meat from a tender loin chop, put it on a board and chop it [illegible] with a season[illegible] bread-c[illegible] paper o[illegible] boiling wa[illegible] Boil slowly for twenty minutes; stir it occasionally with a fork. Serve very hot, with a vegetable.

Baked Beef Kidney with Haricot Beans. Wash thoroughly one pound of haricot beans, and leave them soaking for twelve hours. Place them in a deep earthenware pan with a quart of water and some salt. Set them in a good oven. When half the water is absorbed cut the kidney into pieces about one and a half inches square and add it to the beans. Add to it three carrots, three ounces of butter, a faggot of herbs, a root of celery, pepper, and a pinch of mustard flour. Cover the dish, and replace it in the oven to simmer for an hour and a half. Before serving cut the vegetables in small pieces and remove the herbs. Flavour with a dash of soy, and garnish with sippets of toast. Envelope the dish in a table-napkin before sending it to table.

Two Common and Serious Mistakes. It is a common practice in many households to block up a chimney all the year round. This is a most unhealthy practice, and one that should be put down by all careful housewives, who have the health of their family at heart. Servants are fond of blocking the chimney; it saves them the trouble of giving the fender and fire-irons an extra cleaning after very heavy rain. Old houses are so constructed, sometimes, that in a heavy storm the rain not only comes down the chimney, but brings with it a certain amount of soot. I am sure my readers will not permit their chimneys to be blocked, when they realise the vital importance of fresh air to everyone, especially in sleeping apartments. In closing the chimney you are causing one of the *lungs* of the room to be quite useless, and no chance of escape is given to the bad air and gases which accumulate in a room occupied by human beings. Another duty of the house which I find constantly neglected, even by otherwise good housekeepers, is the care of the garbage pails. These are in use from one year's end to the other, and are the receptacle of all kinds of greasy water and other impurities, yet are never cleansed. There is no more fertile source from whence the bacilli of disease may come than these obnoxious pails, and yet very few people trouble to stem this evil. It is easily averted. Once or twice a week empty the pail, fill it with strong soda water, scrub round well with a whisk, and pour the soda water away. Rinse with cold water, to which has been added ten drops of carbolic acid; place the pails in the sun or wind to dry thoroughly.

A Substitute for Cream. Take a dessertspoonful of flour and stir it into a pint of new milk, taking care that it is perfectly smooth. Simmer it to take off the raw taste of the flour. Beat well the yolk of an egg, and stir it gently into the milk. Pass all through a fine sieve.

Mulled Ale. Take one pint of ale; add to it half a wineglass of whisky or gin. Pour both into a clean stewpan; place over a clear fire till it creams. Add brown sugar, grated nutmeg and ginger to taste. Add cold ale until the whole is lukewarm. Serve in a tankard, with a piece of toasted bread, covered with brown sugar, on the top. (*Reply to* M. S.)

How to Make Firelighters. Melt together one quart of tar and three pounds of resin; when a little cooled add a quarter of a pint of spirits of turpentine, and mix as much sawdust and charcoal (very little of the latter) as can be worked in. Spread out whilst hot on a board. When cold and hard break up in small lumps. These firelighters will ignite quickly with a match and burn long enough to set on fire any wood fit to burn. (*Reply to* José.)

Shortbread. I gave the following recipe, in the issue of August 26th, but will repeat it for the benefit of other readers who, like yourself, may have missed it:—Take half a pound of butter and half a pound of caster sugar; rub them well into one pound and a quarter of flour, into which has been mixed one teaspoonful of baking-powder. Beat three eggs till they are a light colour; add to them a few drops of essence of lemon; pour into the flour, and work into a paste. Roll out once, cut into the shapes required, and bake slowly in a cool oven till quite crisp and short. Another method is to put the mixture into a well-greased Yorkshire-pudding dish, without rolling; smooth with a knife, and bake. (*Reply to* A. M. P.)

Spiced Bacon. Take three or four pounds of the flank of pork, remove all the bones. Let it stand in cold water for twelve hours to remove the blood, changing the water two or three times meanwhile if much discoloured. Make a pickle in the following manner:—One quart of water, a quarter of a pound of common salt, a quarter of a pound of coarse sugar, one ounce of salt prunella. Mix all together, and let the meat remain in this pickle for a fortnight. Take it out and dry well with a cloth. Shred bay and sage leaves very fine in equal quantities, sprinkle thickly over the bacon with white pepper; roll the meat up tightly, and tie string round it every [illegible]. Smoke it if possible for fourteen days [illegible] boiling as required.

[illegible] Hints. A few bay leaves added to stock will improve the flavour of it.——Fine emery powder will remove the ordinary stains from the handles of knives.——Clothes pegs boiled a few minutes and quickly dried once or twice a month, become more durable.——Air the house thoroughly every morning, opening opposite doors and windows for five or ten minutes even in bad weather.——Leeks are very good served on toast like asparagus.——For a scald or burn apply immediately powdered charcoal and oil.——Bruised cloves placed among woollen clothes will prevent the ravages of the merciless moth.——A simple remedy for neuralgia is to apply freshly-grated horse-radish to the temple if the head is affected, or to the wrist if the pain is in the arm or shoulder.——Half a teaspoonful of sugar will nearly always revive a dying fire.——Lamp chimneys are easily cleaned by holding them over the steam of a kettle.——Mortar and paint may be easily removed from windows by rubbing the panes with hot vinegar.——Paraffin oil will soften leather belts and boots that have become hard by exposure or use in wet weather.——Save the fine coal ashes from under the grate. They are invaluable for scouring.

Isobel

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PEARSON'S WEEKLY is published every Monday, and copy for advertisements must be in our hands a week and ten days if a proof is required.

All advertisements are subject to approval. Advertisements ordered until countermanded are subject to a fortnight's notice.

All enquiries and orders to be forwarded to PEARSON'S WEEKLY Advertisement Department, Sell's, 167, Fleet Street, London, E.C.; General Offices, Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

A Calendar.

1896 JANUARY.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.
S 3 10 17 24 31	S 7 14 21 28	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 5 12 19 26	S 3 10 17 24 31	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 6 13 20 27	S 4 11 18 25
M 4 11 18 25	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27	M 4 11 18 25	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 5 12 19 26	M 3 10 17 24 31	M 7 14 21 28	M 5 12 19 26
T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	T 4 11 18 25	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 6 13 20 27
W 6 13 20 27	W 3 10 17 24	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27	W 4 11 18 25	W 1 8 15 22 29	W 6 13 20 27	W 3 10 17 24 31	W 7 14 21 28	W 5 12 19 26	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 7 14 21 28
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F 1 8 15 22 29	F 4 11 18 25	F 4 11 18 25	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 6 13 20 27	F 3 10 17 24	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 5 12 19 26	F 2 9 16 23 30	F 7 14 21 28	F 4 11 18 25	F 2 9 16 23 30
S 2 9 16 23 30	S 5 12 19 26	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 5 12 19 26	S 3 10 17 24 31

The Lancet says "A Strong and pure Cocoa"

Rowntree's Elect' Cocoa

"A veritable Treat."

YORK.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

Awarded 2 Prize Medals, Paris, 1889, and the Grand Diploma of Honour, Edinburgh, 1890.

IRISH CAMBRIC Children's Bordered, 1s. 3d. per doz. Ladies', 2s. 2d. per doz. Gentlemen's 3s. 3d. per doz.

Unstitched :—Ladies', 2s. 11½d. per doz. Gents', 3s. 11d. per doz. Embroidered Handkerchiefs, in all the latest styles, from 1s. to 20s. each. POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

IRISH LINEN "Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, etc., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—COURT CIRCULAR. Ladies' and Children's Three-fold 4s. 6d. per dozen. Gents' four-fold 5s. 11d. per doz. SHIRTS, best quality Linen Cloth, with four-fold Linen Fronts, 40s. 6d. per half dozen. COLLARS CUFFS & SHIRTS.

Sample Collar or Cuff post free, 1s. 11d. doz. Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, from 1s. 11d. doz. (Sample shirt measure, 2s. extra.) N.B.—OLD SHIRTS made to good as new with best materials for a trifling cost. Terms free.—ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Belfast.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, By Special Appointments to the Queen and the Empress Frederick of Germany. BELFAST.

When writing please name this publication.

Indigestion

"34, MEDLAND STREET, RATCLIFF, E.

"DEAR SIRS,—You must think me very ungrateful for not writing before this. I am very sorry for my neglect, for I am sure I can never thank you enough for what Guy's Tonic has done for my dear husband.

"I am very happy to say he is much better: the night sweats have left him, the bowels are regular, and the cough very much better. The pains in the head and stomach are not so bad as they were, and I do believe that if he had not taken Guy's Tonic and Guy's Fruit Pills he would have been in his grave instead of being at his work as he now is. I am sure they are the best medicines he has ever taken.—I am, yours ever gratefully,

"W. BROWN."

We do not claim

That Guy's Tonic will infallibly cure every ill under the sun, but we do say, here and now, that it should immediately be restored to

When digestion is accompanied by flatulency.
When pain, weight, fulness or distension, is felt after eating.
When there is drowsiness after meals—a very common symptom.
When there is distaste for foods of all kinds; or
When there is a dull, weak, failing, or pining appetite.

Guy's Tonic is sold by all Chemists at 2s. 9d. per bottle, and Guy's Fruit Pills at 1s. 1½d. per box. They will be sent post free at these prices by Guy's Tonic Company, 4, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.

Nervousness

£125 in Cash Prizes

to new subscribers to the HOUSEHOLD MISSION who give the correct answer to the following:—

"Word in this Advertisement spells the Backward as Hard?"

A rare opportunity for every madam and maid, every father and son, to secure one of the following Cash Prizes:

The First subscriber	sending correct answer, cash	£20
Third "	" " " cash	10
Fifth "	" " " cash	5
Seventh "	" " " cash	3
Ninth "	" " " cash	2
Thirteenth "	" " " cash	2
Seventeenth "	" " " cash	2
Twenty-third "	" " " cash	2
Twenty-seventh "	" " " cash	2
Each of the next Twenty,	2/- each—cash	20
Each of the next 100,	1/- each—cash	25
Each of the next 296,	2/6 each—cash	37

Total Prizes in Cash, £125

Answers must reach us on or before March 31st, 1892.

With your answer send 1/- Postal Order or 20 Penny Stamps, for one quarter's subscription to the 16 page Monthly Paper.

To assist us, please cross all Cheques, Orders or Post Orders— _____ & Co. Not Negotiable. a/c R. Stockbridge & Co.

The April Issue will announce the result of the Prize, with names and addresses of the winners. The offer is made solely to advertise our publication and introduce it into new homes. Present subscribers to the "Household Companion" can share this Competition by extending their subscription another quarter. We shall promptly give all the prizes offered here.

NO MONEY DEPOSITED.

We have deposited money for the Cash Prizes with the SECURITIES INSURANCE CO., Limited, 26, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., who guarantee the payment, and the same from their offices.

STOCKBRIDGE & Co., Publishers of "The Household Companion," 90, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

THE "EXCELSIOR" WATCH.

SILVER 19s. 19s.

Wonderful Timeke per, Genuine silver case, crystal plate glass, six jewels, post free. Written warranty. Full particulars and remarkable testimonials in our

Splendid New Catalogue, elegantly illustrated with 1,100 engravings, containing "HOW TO CHOOSE A WATCH," also "WHAT IS A PERFECT WATCH?" etc., sent gratis and post free.

Special English Lever, £2 10s. Capped and Jewelled. Marvellous Value.

A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL ALLOWED.

The "Knockabout" Watch, 7s. 9d. Not a small clock, nor a toy, but a marvellous and genuine watch; guaranteed.

DO NOT BUY JEWELLERY AT A SHOP.

Send direct to the Manufacturers. Hallmarked Name Brooch, 1s. 6d.; Large Silver Brooch, 10d.; Horse-shoe Scarf Pin, 6d.; Lady's Albert, 4s. 6d.; Gent's Albert and Key, 4s. All genuine silver. Gold Keeper Rings, 3s. Gold Earrings, 3s. 9d. Also fine gold jewellery, electro-plate, and cutlery. Every pattern illustrated. Send post card for catalogue.

G. LANGDON DAVIES & CO., BRISTOL STREET, BIRMINGHAM. WATCH CLUBS SUPPLIED.

HAIR DESTROYED

Absolutely and permanently by one application. A bright, clear fluid, harmless and painless; no plucking out or burning off. Certain cure. Post free, 1s. 1½d. P.O., from PROF. P. W. BELL, Rubens Place, Lodge-road, Birmingham.

KEATING'S THE BEST COUGH CURE.

Sold everywhere in Tins, 1/1½ each.

LOZENGES

TO MAKE MONEY.

in spare time, send for particulars TO WALLER & Co., 4 PLAYHOUSE YARD, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON

£30 IN PRIZES—5 3 4.

10/- GIVEN to everyone who fills in correct figures which represent the number of a Keyless Watch. The watch and 10s. to the sender of the first correct answer received. Two prizes of 5s. for first two answers each day, whether correct or not. The total of the figures added singly is 20. Send P.O. for 1s. and stamped address to A. J. BAILEY, Bank Side, Bowdon, Cheshire. Mention this paper. Closes January 20th. All results and prizes January 25th.

£20 CALCULATING PRIZE COMPETITION.

The above sum will be divided among those who calculate most correctly the number of seconds of time there will be in the years 1893, 1894, and 1895. Should a large number send in correct answers I shall set a free task of similar kind to decide winners, so that the sum divided may be worth the while. Entrance fee P.O. 1s. and one penny stamp. Profits expended in aid of the poor and starving.—Address, H. HOLMES, 91, Musgrave Street, Liverpool. Competition closes January 13th. Awards a few days after.

THE MATRIMONIAL POST and FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE ADVERTISER.

The leading agency of the world; old-established; the largest, most reliable agency extant; secrecy observed; confidence respected; price 1½d., private envelope 3½d. Address—EDITOR, 9, Nicholas Street, Bristol.

FREE SAMPLE PAIR.

As a bold test of free samples in Tailor-made Suits and Overcoats, we have decided to spend £11,000 in free gifts alone, 20,000 pairs of TROUSERS value 12s. 6d., given away with every heavy Blue Serge Suit ordered at sample test price, 25s.; usual price 63s. Send stamp for patterns and easy self-measurement form, also testimonials and particulars. Overcoats to measure have also the free gift of sample Trousers, sample pair of Trousers, real Tweed, rent for 5s. Name Pearson's Weekly, as this appears in 50 London papers. Our factory employs over 3,000 hands. Black Diagonal Suits to measure 32s. usual, 65s. Cost an Vest, 25s. Sample Serge Jacket to measure, 5s. 6d., usual, 16s. 6d.—SMYTH & CO., Wholesale Tailors, Ready-to-c. Cheques or Postal Orders. Parcels carriage paid anywhere in Great Britain. (Bankers, London and County.)

A COMPLETE HOME GYMNASIUM.

PROFESSOR D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER,

For Brain Workers and Sedentary People, both sexes, all ages. Athletes or Invalids. Takes up but in square floor room; new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Plain, 42s. 60,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen endorse it and praise it. Circulars, etc. Illustrations free.—Prof. D. L. DOWD, School of Physical Culture, Westbury Road, Macclesfield.

GUARANTEED GENUINE.

£26 in PRIZES!

PRIZES FOR ALL.

£8 will be given to the person counting most correctly the letter "E" in verses only of the First Chapter of Genesis (ordinary Bible). Entrance fee, 1s. 6d., and 1½d. for result.

£6 to the person solving most of the following names: BLODNO, THRIDHON, BLEESTA, DENEUD. Entrance fee, 1s., and 1½d. for result.

£3 to the person solving most of the following noted names:—IVRONE, ESNIAYE, LSODENSIOE, SLAISBURY. Entrance 6d., and 1½d. for result.

£5 in prizes will also be divided among those who solve correctly most of the above puzzles.

Extra prizes for the first twenty letters received, send early. Ties divide. Employment at £2 to £5 weekly offered to all who enter these competitions. Postal orders or 6d. stamp preferred.

The following Testimonial has been received from Mr. E. Hancock, 35, Black Boys St. Trealiow, Pontypridd: "Nothing can be fairer than the way in which your competitions are conducted; the prizes are worth winning. You deserve to be well supported." Competitions close January 22nd. Results and prizes February 1st.—Address in full, THE EDITOR (F) "Competition Journal," 27, Owen street, Manchester, N.W.

£20

TO TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING. Jewellers, Stationers, &c. An Illd. Guide (2½ stp. 3d.) "How to open a Cigar Store, £20 to £1,000." To Tobacconists' Outfitting Co. (Reg.), 186, Euston Rd., London. Name—A Prospectus on the other Trades. (Free.) Mgr., Hy. Myers, Est. 1863.

£5 FOR 1/-

NO COUNTING TO DO.

S e e S.

Simply put three letters in place of the three crosses and form a word of an article IN DAILY USE by almost everybody. Write answer on sheet of paper and send with 1s. postal order and stamped addressed envelope for result. Closes January 23rd. Prizes week after. Ties divide. HENRY BROWN. 312, ESSEX ROAD, ISLINGTON, LONDON.

EPILEPTIC FITS.

Most remarkable cures continue to be effected by Mr. Osborne's remedy for epilepsy, which has won for itself golden opinions in all parts of the world.—Full particulars (with testimonials) sent free on application to JAMES OSBORNE'S MEDICAL PHARMACY, Ashborne, Derbyshire. Reference permitted to Rev. J. Baker, M.A., Stockport.

STANTON, the People's Dentist, 335, Strand, opposite Somerset House. Teeth 3s., 6s. and 4s. each upper or lower set, £3, best quality, £5, fitted same day when required; repairing in a few hours; extraction, 1s., with gas, 5s.; stoppings 2s. 6d.

The Favourite Confection. Worldwide Sale.

SKUSE'S HERBAL TABLETS.

Prepared from the Finest Aniseed, Horehound, Coltsfoot, Marshmallow, and other choice Herbs.

Sold everywhere in 3 oz. Tins, 3d. Three Tins, post free, 1s.

WORKS: 106, PRAED STREET, W.

APPLY TO WM. WALKER & SONS, OTLEY, YKS., for their Catalogue (Post-Free) of Humorous, Sunday-School, Board School, Temperance and Dickens DIALOGUES.

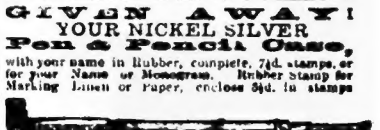
DIALOGUES OF ALL KINDS FOR PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS

Christy Minstrel Entertainments, for the Parlour and Concert-Room; They have THE LARGEST VARIETY IN THE WORLD.

GIVEN AWAY!

YOUR NICKEL SILVER Pen & Pencil Case,

with your name in Rubber, complete, 7½d. stamps, or for your Name or Monogram. Rubber Stamp for Marking Linen or Paper, enclose 3½d. in stamps



for postage, etc. 8-ill Inking Name and Address Stamp, 1s. Mention this paper, and address A. DEUT, CRYSTAL PALACE, JOHN BOND'S GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK WORKS, 73, Southgate Rd., London, N.

PURE BEEF Co's PREPARATIONS.

INVALIDS:—Bovril, Concentrated Beef Tea.
HOUSEHOLD:—Clear Beef Stock, Thick Beef Stock, Extract of Beef, Concentrated Soup.
MISCELLANEOUS:—Bovril, a powdered Meat Extract, Bovril, a powdered Fish Stock, Concentrated Beef a la Mode (Meat Lozenges).
N.B.—The household preparations are specially recommended to Ladies. They are delicious in flavour and will effect an enormous saving in time, trouble, and expense.

Sold by all Grocers, Chemists, &c.

THE PURE BEEF CO., 5, Water Lane, Great Tower Street, London, E.C.

ONE BOX OF CLARKE'S B 61 PILLS

is warranted to cure all discharges from the Urinary Organs, in either sex (acquired or constitutional), Gravel and Pains in the back. Guaranteed free from Mercury. Sold in Boxes, 2s. 9d. each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the world, or sent to any address for sixty stamps by the Makers, the Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln.

RED NOSES.

All those who would wish to be relieved of this distressing and disfiguring complaint should send to Dr. HOWELL, 4, Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square, London, W.C., who will guarantee a cure in a few days. 2s. 6d. per box.

FOR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE

ODDIE'S IMPERIAL HAIR DYE

(REGISTERED) ONE LIQUID.

...Black
...Dark Brown
...Light Brown
Golden Brown or Auburn
Pure Golden

Harmless, Perfect, Permanent and Odourless.
Clear, no Sediment.
3/6, 5/- 10/6 (Securely Packed)

ODDIE, 41 Museum Street, London.
ONCE TRIED, ALWAYS USED.

BALDNESS.

"EAUHORN"

The Cure for Baldness (Regd.),

removing the congested condition of the hair, follicles (chief cause of premature baldness) and providing food for the Hair in the form of an oleaginous substance, so nearly in composition as the sebaceous matter supplied to all healthy hair, causes the Hair to grow again, strong and healthy on Bald Heads, where a fine down is left.

Sent free, under cover, 6/6 and 10/6 per Bottle. Send for Book of 100 Testimonials, free.

BALD-PATCHES

Amongst the Hair and Beard (*Alopecia-Areata*) often resulting in TOTAL LOSS OF HAIR. This disease requires different treatment to ordinary premature Baldness.

HORN'S

"Areata Lotion"

Effects a permanent cure even in apparently hopeless cases. Price 3s. 9d.; double size, 6s. 6d. per bottle.

POST FREE FROM

GREY-HAIR.

HORN'S "ACESMA"

supplies the

WANT of the AGE!

No more dangerous Lead Hair "Restorers"! No more ridiculous tints! A Purely Vegetable Extract in one Liquid; harmless, permanent, odourless, and

DOES NOT STAIN THE SKIN!

Medical and Analytical Certificate with each bottle.

Price 2/9 and 5/- post free, from the sole Proprietor—

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

(*Registered*) HORN'S (*Trade Mark.*

HAIR SOLVENT.

The *Court Journal*, August 16th, 1890, says:—"This invention contains no burning or hurtful substance. One application completely removes Hair, and when only superficially unpacked, they will not grow again. It has no effect upon the skin whatever, and being a liquid is easily applied." *Medical Certificate with each bottle.*

Bottles, 2/9; Double size, 4/9, post free from

O. E. HORN, HAIR-SPECIALIST (from the Berlin Skin Hospital) NEWPORT, I.W.

London Agents: CASSIE & CO., 49, Newgate Street.

WHAT CAN WE TELL YOU?

RESULT OF COUNTING COMPETITION NUMBER VII.

(SECOND COUNT)

The following is a statement of the result of the second count, which was made necessary by the large number of correct counters in Competition No. 7.

Of the 1,416 original entrants, 269 preferred not to enter the second count, we have therefore sent them each 1s. 2d., their share in the other.

Deducting these amounts and the accountants' fees from the £70 16s. leaves a balance of £53 0s. 2d. to be divided. We have added 7s. 10d. to make the amounts even, and have forwarded 3s. apiece to the 356 who sent in the correct figures.

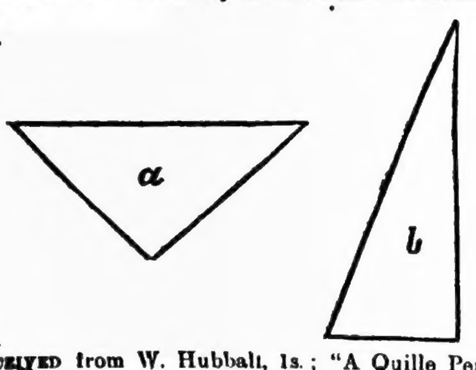
"We hereby certify that we have, with the utmost care, counted and checked the number of times the letters A E I occurred on pages 371 and 372 of *Pearson's Weekly* for week ending January 2nd, with the exceptions named, and that the figures are :—A, 1,579 times ; E, 2,259 times ; I, 1,423 times."

Slade Lewis & Slade
Chartered Accountants

Wardrobe Chambers,
Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

As we are incurring a great deal of expense in connection with these competitions, we think that we may in all fairness ask readers to be so kind as to bring them to the notice of their friends, and thus, perhaps, induce some to become acquainted with the paper who would not do so otherwise. If this suggestion is carried out, as we honestly think it deserves to be, we shall reap our reward for undertaking a singularly toilsome task.

READERS who wish to become possessed of one of our gold-plated pencil-cases this week must do what they can towards solving the puzzle of which a diagram appears below. They must take one piece of paper shaped like A, and four pieces shaped like B, and from these five make a square. A pencil-case will be forwarded to the first reader from whom a correct solution comes to hand, and to every twenty-fifth afterwards until twenty-five have been awarded.



RECEIVED from W. Hubball, 1s. ; "A Quille Penne," 2s. 6d. ; J. Macpherson, 2s. ; J. Williams, 1s. ; collected by E. Lankshear, 2s. 6d. With these contributions, the total amount of the Children's Dinner Fund now comes to £91 16s. 2d. As has been explained, we arranged to give a treat to two thousand children, entailing, at one shilling a head, the expenditure of £100, in the hope that some lists which had been sent out and had not come back would yield the sum lacking. In this hope we were doomed to disappointment. If any readers feel they would like to help make up the deficiency, we shall be glad to receive their contributions. In the event of a larger sum reaching us than is required, we shall send back the amounts over or retain them till next year, as the senders wish. If we cannot screw the needful £8 3s. 10d. out of our subscribers, we shall add it to the five guineas which have already been contributed by the paper. Mr. G. Douglas Buchanan wishes us to correct the form in which the amount to hand from him was acknowledged. It should have run "Collected from 115 friends by G. Douglas Buchanan, Glasgow."

CURIOUS.—The reason why we sometimes put the name of the town and sometimes that of the county to initials or *noms-de-plume* appended to the NOTES, QUERIES, or REPLIES in the NATURAL HISTORY COLUMN is because we wish to respect the incognito of our correspondents. The initials of a resident in a large town are not likely to be recognised, but it is different in the case of a small village ; so when matter is inserted from a correspondent living in one of these we put the name of the county.

E. S. B. thus advances another and very curious distinction between a tree and a shrub. His theory, that an Elm is not a tree would not, we imagine, be supported by many botanists :—Will you allow me to point out to you, with the greatest respect, that in your Answers to Questions, where you treat of the difference between a tree and a shrub, you have entirely missed the real point ? A tree is a tree, and a shrub is a shrub, whether the height be six inches or a hundred feet. In order to fulfil the requirements of a tree it must, amongst other things, be a plant yielding fruit whose seed is within itself, but it is not necessary that a shrub do so. As an eminent example, the Elm, notwithstanding its great size, its solid timber, and its umbrageous foliage, is not a tree. It is nothing more than a gigantic weed. Left to itself its roots spread in all directions, and from these same roots grow fresh elms. No tree propagates this way. If you plant an acorn but one tree can possibly grow therefrom, except in the case of a double-seeded acorn, which is the same thing as a double-yolked egg. The tree can only propagate itself by means of the acorns which fall from it, and cannot, and does not, spread weed fashion over the ground from its roots. This, I submit, is the vital distinction between a tree and a shrub. The question of size has nothing to do with it, for there are thousands of trees in the world, China and Japan in particular, that never attain a foot in height.

G. H. H. writes :—I hope you will spare me a little space in which to utter a warning. I am just recovering from a very acute illness brought on by a chill caught while skating, and I firmly believe that every day on which the ice bears hundreds catch bad colds and chills while exercising themselves on it. Skating is the most treacherous form of amusement imaginable. The average skater rushes about until he is in a state of great heat and his legs are too tired to carry him any further. He then stands about, often in the coldest winds, always in cold air, positively inviting a chill to catch hold of him. As I know to my cost, the invitation is very apt to be accepted. I hope these few words of warning will be laid to heart by others who have not suffered as I have.

E. W. writes :—I read in your paper that Mr. Burn, of Stockport, has invented a small appliance for ripening strawberries and similar fruits, viz., a disc which is shaped and fitted in such a way that the fruit is raised off the ground and thus brought more under the influence of the *sun and air.* Don't you agree with me that it would be more useful if he could invent some appliance which would keep my strawberries from being brought under the influence of some other man's *son and heir ?* I assure you they vanished most mysteriously in the season.

M. L. H.—No wonder your child seems ill. Presumably the cruelty of keeping a child of five working away at its lessons for six hours a day has never occurred to you, and you will probably be very indignant at our using the word "cruelty" at all in connection with your actions. It is, however, nothing short of cruel to place so severe a tax upon the immature brain of a child of this age. Personally we do not think that so young a child should be taught lessons at all. It acquires quite enough fresh knowledge every day as it runs about, without attempting to crowd its little head with "the three R's." If you take two children of average intelligence aged twelve, one of which began lessons when three years old, while the other was not set down to learn until it was seven, you would find that the latter child knew far more than the former, and in nine cases out of ten would also be much the more healthy specimen of the two.

IT is with much regret that we announce our determination to abandon the idea of starting a *Pearson's Colony* in Canada next spring. The notion seemed a good one, and was very readily taken up among our readers. We had more than sufficient applications to form a colony from men who had at their command at least the amount of capital required. So far everything was all right. But when it came to arranging the details of the proposed scheme, difficulties cropped up on every side. Some colonists came to see us. We had long talks with them, with the result that we discovered each one had quite different ideas to those held by others upon the course which would be best pursued. The further we went into the matter the less we liked the idea of assuming so grave a responsibility as that entailed by banding forty or fifty people together and settling them down to work, which, if not undertaken in harmony, must end disastrously. If we were enabled to personally superintend the establishing of the colony on the other side of the Atlantic matters would have assumed a different aspect, but this is, unfortunately, quite out of the question. These few remarks give only a very brief *resumé* of the many causes which have led us to take the step we are taking. They will, however, we trust, be sufficient to show that we give up the idea in no idle spirit. We are communicating with the various readers from whom we have heard in this matter conveying the determination at which we have arrived.

[illegible] B. suggests that we should offer a prize for the best definition of a mean man.—This we are not disposed to do as the best one is so extremely evident that a very large number of competitors would be sure to send it in. Of course, the very meanest man in creation is the one who borrows a copy of this paper instead of getting it for himself. A correspondent said in the course of a letter the other day, "If I were too poor to buy your paper every week, I should borrow it, if I could not borrow it I should steal it." In spite of the bad principle involved that is the kind of feeling we like all our readers to have, though we sincerely trust that none of them will ever be in such straits as to lead them to put it into practice.

A. M. B.—Artful man ! We give free advertisements every week under the heading SOMETHING NEW AND STRANGE, but your attempt to save your advertising account is just a little bit too thin. Please apply to 167, Fleet Street. The manager there will give you full particulars regarding the charges for the amount of space such an announcement as yours would occupy.

A. R.—The Railway Insurance System does not extend to the Channel Islands. They are not in the United Kingdom, but come under the category of British possessions in Europe. There is no reason, therefore, that the system should extend to them any more than to Malta.

R. S. L.—If questions you have forwarded do not appear within six weeks, you may make up your mind that they will not appear at all. In reply to your query as to what sort of questions are most likely to be accepted we cannot do better than refer you to those that have appeared in back numbers, as they are, of course, good samples of the kind of thing we like.

WE are constantly receiving complaints from new readers to the effect that they have been unable to get this paper, as their newsagent had none left. It should be remembered that most newsagents only lay in sufficient stock to meet their actual orders, and that the way to secure a copy is to *order it to be regularly supplied.*

MISSING WORD COMPETITION No. VI.

ON the front page is an article entitled, WHEN MEN WERE BOILED. The last word before the little bill is omitted. Readers who wish to enter this competition must cut out the front page, fill in this word, write their names and addresses along the bottom of the page, and send it, with a postal order for one shilling, to reach us at latest by first post on Friday, January 15th, the envelope marked WORD.

The correct word is in the hands of Messrs. Slade, Lewis, & Slade, Chartered Accountants, Wardrobe Chambers, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., enclosed in an envelope sealed with our seal. Their statement with regard to it will appear, with the result of the competition, in our issue for the week after next.

The whole of the money received in entrance fees will be divided amongst those competitors who fill in the word correctly.

Competitors must please fold their papers in such a manner, that the word filled in appears without the page having to be unfolded. They must place this in an envelope directed to THEMSELVES, and write above their name and address the word they consider correct. Postal orders should be placed separately in the envelope addressed to us.

It is hoped that competitions will be posted as early in the week as possible. Members of the same family may compete if they like, and anyone may send as many attempts as they choose, provided that each is accompanied by a postal order.

POSTAL RATES.

Pearson's Weekly will be sent direct from the offices post free, to any country within the Postal Union, at the following rates, prepaid :—

	s.	d.
One Year	8	8
Half Year	4	4
Three Months	2	2

Postage (at book rates) being a penny a copy.

Offices : Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

Registered Telegraphic Address—

"HUMOURSOME, LONDON."

Back Numbers more than a Month old, 3d. each.

SOLE AGENTS FOR AUSTRALASIA:

Messrs. R. A. THOMPSON & Co., Sydney & Melbourne.

Printed for the Proprietors, and published by them at Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

We shall be happy to send a specimen copy of THE WEEK'S NEWS to anyone who will send a postcard asking for it.

BROOME'S: MUSIC

SEE THAT THE NAME IS ON EVERY COPY.

Songs.

No.
410 Who's that Calling so Sweet!
411 Song that Reached My Heart.
471 Arab's Farewell to His Favourite Steed.
444 Where the Sea Breaks on the Shore.
445 Teddy O'Neale.
446 Bogie Man.
448 Rock a Bye Baby.
450 Soldier and a Man.
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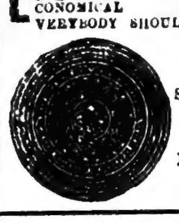

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